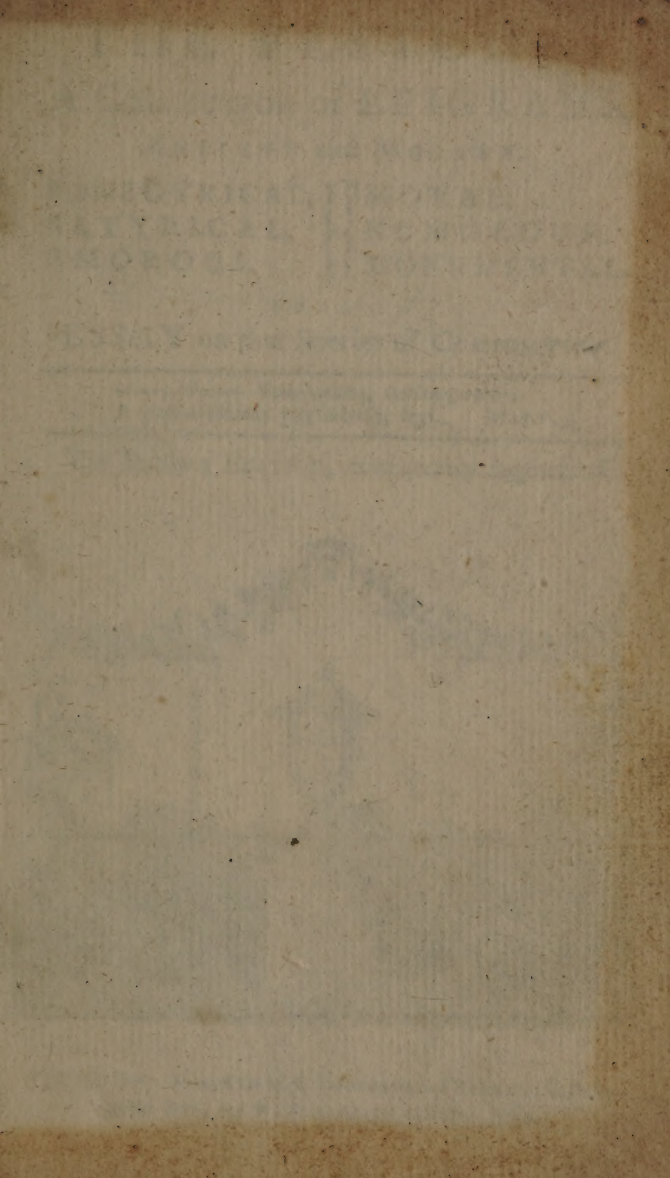


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April 25th 1779 -



THE FESTOON:

A COLLECTION of EPIGRAMS,

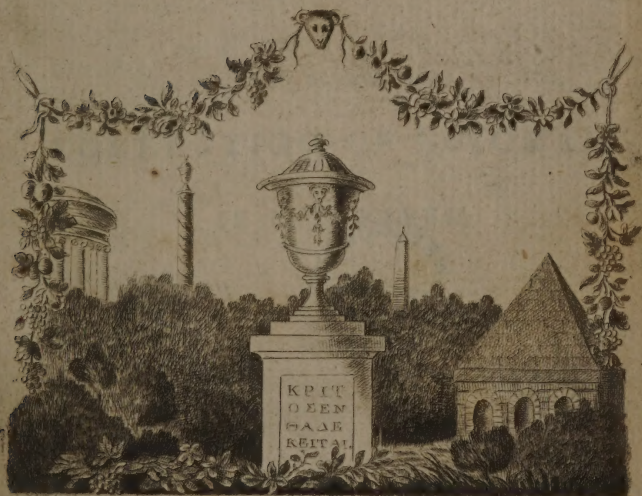
ANCIENT and MODERN.

PANEGYRICAL, } MORAL,
SATYRICAL, } HUMOROUS,
AMOROUS, } MONUMENTAL.

WITH AN
ESSAY on that Species of COMPOSITION.

Venerandâq; sanctâq; verba
A pueris debent virginibusq; legi. MART.

The SECOND EDITION, considerably augmented.



LONDON: Printed for Mess. ROBINSON and ROBERTS in Paternoster Row, and W. FREDERICK at Bath. 1767.

A circular library stamp with the text 'WELLCOME' at the top, 'HISTORICAL MEDICAL' in the center, and 'LIBRARY' at the bottom.

TO

Mrs. C R A Y L E,

AS

A SLENDER MARK OF HIS ESTEEM,

AND OF

HIS GRATITUDE FOR A PARTICULAR FAVOUR
RECEIVED FROM THE FAMILY,

THE FOLLOWING

COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HER OBLIGED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

MR. J. C. R. A. Y. L. E.

A. S. L. I. N. G. E. R. S. I. N. G. O. F. H. I. S. E. S. T. A. T. E.

AND OF

HIS GRATITUDE FOR A VALUABLE FAVOR
RECEIVED FROM THE FAMILY.

THE FOLLOWING

COLLECTION OF STIGMATA

IS INSERTED

IN THE

RECORDS

OF THE



THE CONTENTS.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

B OOK I. Panegyrical	—	—	—	Page 1
— II. Satyrical	—	—	—	27
— III. Amorous	—	—	—	59
— IV. Moral	—	—	—	83
— V. Humorous	—	—	—	106
— VI. Monumental	—	—	—	129
MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS	—	—	—	155
** Apology for unseasonable Rhymes	—	—	—	157
From the Greek	—	—	—	159
From the Latin	—	—	—	162
PANEGYRICAL	—	—	—	170
On the coronation of George III.	—	—	—	ib.
On Mr. Pitt's return to his country-seat	—	—	—	ib.
Mr. Allen, or the Great Plebeian	—	—	—	171
On the ancient city of Bath	—	—	—	172
To a Limner at Bath	—	—	—	173
** An expostulation	—	—	—	174
To William Shenstone, Esq;	—	—	—	175
A 3				To

To M— G—, Esq; on improvements at M—	Page 176
** On Mrs. C——'s villa — — —	177
** On a villa near Bath — — —	178
The Epicure, to W. Mills, Esq; — — —	ib.
To W. Melmoth, Esq; — — —	179
To Mr. R. Doddsley, on his Cleone — — —	ib.
On the Bishop of Cloyne's book on tar-water — — —	180
To the Right Hon. the Countess of Ch——m — — —	181
On Miss ———, afterwards Lady ——— — — —	ib.
Venus genetrix, to Mrs. W—— — — — —	182
On the accomplished Miss ——— — — —	ib.
On the celebrated Miss ——— — — —	ib.
Apology to Lucinda — — — — —	183
SATYRICAL — — — — —	ib.
The Dangler — — — — —	ib.
Vanity and Avarice — — — — —	ib.
To Avaro — — — — —	184
The hogs of H—— — — — —	ib.
The impudence of wealth — — — — —	ib.
The test of merit, on Lord Ch—— — — — —	185
** An apology to Bufo — — — — —	186
The man of reading — — — — —	ib.
** The solemn cheat — — — — —	187
The force of fashion — — — — —	188
The fair Stoic — — — — —	ib.
To be written in a young Lady's Milton — — —	189
The Heroines, or Modern Memoirs — — —	ib.
The Economist — — — — —	ib.
The curious Impertinent — — — — —	190

** To

** To Vario	—	—	—	—	Page 191
Town-life and Country-life	—	—	—	—	ib.
The man of sense	—	—	—	—	192
HUMOROUS	—	—	—	—	193
The amorous 'Squire	—	—	—	—	ib.
** A reasonable satisfaction	—	—	—	—	ib.
The Invisible	—	—	—	—	194
** The Garreteer	—	—	—	—	ib.
On a quack who travels by act of Parliament	—	—	—	—	195
Liberty in danger	—	—	—	—	ib.
War proclaimed at Brentford	—	—	—	—	196
** An epitaph from the Latin	—	—	—	—	ib.
** The innocent theft	—	—	—	—	197
** An œconomical reflection	—	—	—	—	ib.
Against riddles	—	—	—	—	198
An incident in high life	—	—	—	—	ib.
To Dr. Abel	—	—	—	—	199
** On the prevailing taste for quack-medicines	—	—	—	—	ib.
** The force of novelty	—	—	—	—	200
The Virtuoso	—	—	—	—	ib.
The prayer of an humorist	—	—	—	—	201
** The Country-house	—	—	—	—	202
To —, Esq; antiquary and F.R.S.	—	—	—	—	203
The Rival Colleges	—	—	—	—	ib.
Meditation in a coffee-house	—	—	—	—	ib.
On the foregoing epigram	—	—	—	—	ib.
The impertinence of critics	—	—	—	—	204
BON MOTS	—	—	—	—	206
Queen Elisabeth and the Mayor of —	—	—	—	—	ib.

A court-audience	—	—	—	Page 206
Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller	→	—	—	207
A clown's apology to the doctor	—	—	—	ib.
** The doctor's arms	—	—	—	ib.
The empty gun	—	—	—	208
The sad alternative	—	—	—	ib.
MORAL, &c.	—	—	—	209
To an old maid	—	—	—	ib.
A check for mirth	—	—	—	ib.
** Diogenes to Aristippus	—	—	—	210
Under an hour-glass in a grotto	—	—	—	ib.
** Invitation to the feathered race	—	—	—	ib.
** On the death of an epicure	—	—	—	212
On the death of a child	—	—	—	ib.
On Shakespear's monument	—	—	—	ib.
On the mausoleum of Ralph Allen, Esq;	—	—	—	213

N. B. The epigrams marked thus ** are added in this edition.





THE

P R E F A C E.

THE Epigram is a species of poetry
calculated for the amusement of every
season of life ; but, as the spright-
linefs and brevity, essential to this sort of com-
positions, render them more peculiarly adapted
to captivate the attention of youth, than the se-
rious and solemn beauties of the sublimer bran-
ches of poetry ; nothing ought to be admitted
into a collection of this kind, that may endan-
ger the morals, vitiate the taste, or even debase
the language of young people : But whoever
has perused the collections of epigrams already
extant, will be convinced, that to exhibit some-
thing more perfect of the kind is, by no means,
a presumptuous or an unseasonable under-
taking.

THE two volumes published near fifty years since, tho' they contain most of the best epigrams written by the wits of the preceding age, yet the flowers are intermingled with such a wilderness of thorns and brambles, from the negligent and unpolished rhymers of the last century, that few people will think of traveling for pleasure through a country where the beauties of nature are so thinly scattered: And, as for the late farrago's of this kind, the greater part of them, one may venture to say, are an absurd mixture of low humour, dulness, and obscenity.

THE compiler of the present volume, however, does not pretend to have executed his plan with unexceptionable accuracy and judgment; but has endeavoured, at least, to furnish out an *innocent*, and, he hopes, not an *insipid* entertainment for the younger class of readers: And offers to the public such a collection of little poems, as a faithful *tutor* may safely put into the hands of his *pupil*, or a virtuous *matron* recommend to her innocent *daughter*.

As the most striking thoughts, indeed, are the most easily retained, many of the best epigrams have been the most frequently repeated in company; and will, of course, appear *trite* to people much conversant in the world: And, in such a variety of little pieces as constitute this miscellany, the judicious reader must expect to meet with some less perfect in their kind. But tho', among the following epigrams, there may be some less sprightly than others, yet the editor flatters himself, that very few will be found with so much of the drone in their composition, as to be thought intirely without a sting.

BUT, tho' the imagination of youth is naturally pleased with variety; yet the mind does not love to be interrupted in its train of thinking, and shifted about continually from serious to ludicrous objects; from panegyric to satyr; from a moral reflection to a lively jest or amorous expostulation. The editor, therefore, has endeavoured to reduce that chaos, which reigns in most of the miscellaneous collections of this

kind, into some little order and regularity, under the following Heads, viz. panegyrical, satyrical, amorous, moral, humorous, monumental. This, however, is rather a convenient distribution than a methodical division: Neither will he pretend to say, that every particular epigram is strictly reducible to either of these denominations;—but a greater number of subdivisions would have introduced that confusion which it was his endeavour to prevent.

As the compiler was unwilling to compose his Festoon, or Anthology, intirely of borrowed flowers, he has ventured to add some few original epigrams (in which rank he would include new translations from the Greek or Latin) the novelty of which, he modestly hopes, will in some measure atone for their presuming to appear in much better company.

N. B. The Muses are of no party.

AN


ESSAY

ON THE

NATURE

OF THE

EPIGRAM.

 TYMOLOGY, though it discovers to us the original meaning of a word, yet it seldom gives us a true idea of the popular use of it. The word Epigram, however, in its present acceptation, differs but little from the sense in which it was used by the ancient Greek writers. It signifies, properly, an *inscription*; and was applied by them to those short, and, frequently, poetical inscriptions, made use of upon tombs or statues, temples, trophies, or other public structures, sacred to their Gods or to their Heroes. Brevity, therefore, and simplicity, were essential properties in these inscriptions; not only on account of their public

lie

lic situation, but from a principle of convenience, on account of the hardness of the materials (brass or marble) on which they were usually engraved.

This simplicity is observable in many of the most ancient Greek epigrams, which are preserved to us in their Anthologies, or collections, made by the ancient grammarians: And appeared so insipid to the French poet *Malherbe*, that, upon tasting some *soup maigre* at a nobleman's table, he whispered to a friend, who was a great admirer of the Greek simplicity: "Voilà 'la potage a la Greque, s'il en fut jamais! ' This 'is soup in the Greek taste with a vengeance!" which was afterwards applied proverbially, amongst the French critics, to any tasteless performance, either in verse or prose.

But, though the moderns have sufficiently departed from this primitive simplicity in their compositions of this kind, yet the definition of a true epigram will always be the same: "That it is a short poem, exhibiting one single view of any subject, expressed in a concise and concluded in a forcible manner."

According to this definition, though some striking thought, or poignancy of expression, is necessary to constitute an epigram, yet those forced conceits, studied points, or what are now called the epigrammatic turns,—seem by no means essential to it:—Nay, unless they arise naturally from the subject, they are considered,

considered, by the best critics, as vicious excrescences, or, rather, as ridiculous affectations.

And, indeed, the rules which are laid down for good writing in general, are equally applicable to a complete performance of this kind. Truth is the basis of all wit : No thought can be beautiful that is not just. No ambiguity therefore, jingle of words, forced conceit, or outrageous hyperbole, are, *strictly speaking*, any more compatible with the perfection of this, than with that of any other species of poetry :

“ *Truth must prevail and regulate our diction,*

“ *In all we write ; nay, must give laws to fiction.*”

The difficulty of writing a perfect epigram, indeed, appeared so considerable, to a great wit of the last age, that he did not scruple to declare (ridiculously enough) “ that it was as difficult a performance as an epic poem.” All that could really be meant by such an assertion, however, is, that an epigram must be as perfect in its kind as the “ *Iliad*,” or “ the *Paradise lost*.” An epic poem comprehends but one intire action ; an epigram but one principal thought : The same unity of design, the same regular disposition of parts, the same tendency to one point, are required in a complete epigram as in an epic poem.

But however, though there is, *strictly speaking*, but one species of true wit ; and that must be esteemed the most perfect kind of epigrams, where simplicity
and

and justness of thought prevail ; yet it must be granted likewise, that there are many (perhaps the greatest number of epigrams both ancient and modern) which give us great pleasure upon less rigid principles. And, unless the majority of readers could be supposed to consist of philosophers and critics, we shall never prevail upon every man, that is capable of writing an epigram, to confine himself to the severe rules established by Bouhours, Addison, H—d, or Boileau. Besides, it is in vain to argue against the sensations of mankind : A striking antithesis, an happy allusion, an humorous expression, or even a pleasant ambiguity, will strike us with an agreeable surprise, and extort a laugh from the most rigid advocate for propriety and truth. On a grave or moral subject, indeed, the least appearance of levity, or tendency to a pun or jingle, may be as offensive as the intrusion of an impertinent wag in the midst of a serious or friendly conversation : But, upon less solemn occasions, that strict severity may admit of some relaxation.

The modern critics * have been equally puzzled to account for Tully's approbation, and Plutarch's censure, of a celebrated witticism in an ancient Greek historian ; who accounts for the burning the temple of Diana, on the night that Alexander was born, by supposing that the goddess was engaged in her obstetric capacity, at the birth of so great an hero. This Tully,

* Vide Pearce's Longinus, p. 18, and Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 2.

as that kind of false wit was not intirely exploded in his age, applauds as an ingenious conceit. Plutarch, on the other hand, condemns it with the utmost severity : But, what is remarkable, he has himself been guilty of a mere quibble, whilst he was ridiculing the historian's puerility ; and says, that so "*frigid* a conceit" was enough of itself to *extinguish* the fire which he describes.

Now, all that can be said for Plutarch, is, that, in order to express his contempt of the author whom he censures, he treats him in his own way, and gives him pun for pun. And this, I think, will explain in what cases this species of false wit is allowable : When we would expose any folly, impertinence, or affectation, perhaps we cannot do it in too ludicrous terms, as, the less studied our wit appears, the more expressive it is of our contempt : It is like treating a man with the discipline of the cane or horse-whip, whom we think beneath our resentment at the more serious weapons of sword or pistol.

I speak this of the lowest kind of ambiguity, or false wit, which is but one remove from a pun or quibble : But there is another species, which I cannot think inconsistent with our notions of true wit ; I mean, when a word is applied to two different things, in two different senses ; in both of which it is true ; that is, in the figurative and in the literal acceptation.

I might produce numberless examples from the modern

dern poets ; but shall take one even from a Greek epigram, as a more venerable authority :

Εἰς ἰατρὸν κλέπτην.

Φαρμακίῃσι 'Ρόδων λήπτραν καὶ χοιράδας αἶρει,
Τάλλα δὲ πάντ' αἶρει καὶ δίχα φαρμακίων.

On a pilfering Quack.

“ *Celfus takes off, by dint of skill,*

“ *Each bodily disaster :*

“ *But takes off spoons, without a pill ;*

“ *Your plate without a plaister.”*

Now, it *may* be as true, in the literal sense, that *such a doctor takes off* spoons, as that his physic, in a figurative sense, *takes off* a fever : And this forms an antithesis, or opposition, which gives the reader both *delight* and *surprise*, agreeably to the definition of one species of wit. Nay, further, as this sort of ambiguity will generally stand Mr. Addison's test, of being translated into different languages, I cannot but think it an happiness of expression in these more ludicrous performances ; for no one can imagine I would plead for any indulgence of this kind, in any serious or tender composition, even of the lesser branches of poetry.

Yet a great French critic finds nothing to shock his understanding in the following compliment of an old French poet to Mary de Medicis :

“ *Feed*

“ *Feed on, my flocks, feed void of care ;*
 “ *Tho’ you should eat the meadows bare,*
 “ *Maria comes ; and, where she treads,*
 “ *Fresh flow’rs, luxuriant, paint the meads.”*

“ According to the fabulous system, says he, flowers
 “ spring up beneath the feet of goddesses and heroines ;
 “ and therefore, though the fact be false, yet it is a
 “ falshood so well established, as to have the air of
 “ truth.” But certainly nothing can be more ridicu-
 lous, than to *argue* thus from the figurative to the li-
 teral sense of the words ; and the poor flocks would
 be in bad plight, that should have nothing to feed
 upon but these ideal pastures and metaphorical flowers.
 —In short, in any ludicrous performance, this species
 of false wit may be considered as counters at cards,
 which serve well enough to play with, whilst they are
 passed as such ; but a man that should put off a coun-
 ter in serious traffic, or a pun in a serious discourse,
 would be considered as a cheat in one case, and be
 thoroughly ridiculous in the other *.

There is another source of humour, upon which
 the whole merit of many modern epigrams depends ;
 which is their alluding either to some well-known pro-
 verb, or to some celebrated passage, either in history
 or ancient mythology ; or, what is too common, even
 to some text of the Sacred writings. These sorts of al-

* See this point accurately discussed in Mr. Hurd’s admirable
 notes on the Epist. to Augustus, —p. 61.

lusions give the reader the same agreeable surprise as the lucky application of a motto from an ancient classic.

How far the last kind of allusions are defensible, I will not presume to determine: However, where no religious opinion is ridiculed, or prophanely applied, the mere antique phrase, though it is often stupidly, yet may perhaps be innocently enough introduced.

Thus, for instance, when Mr. Pope, the most decent poet of any age, speaks of those wretched votaries of dulness, who, for the precarious reward of literary fame, undergo the austerities of martyrs and confessors; he says, in allusion to one of the beatitudes,

“Who hunger and who thirst—for scribbling sake.”

Here, though he makes free with the Scripture expression, yet he is so far from ridiculing the doctrine contained in it, that he rather supposes our obligation to do that “for righteousness’ sake,” which these rhymers do for “scribbling sake*.”

But, as a witty divine † has denounced “God’s judgment against punning,” as well as against prophaneness, I would by no means plead for either; but

* “The ridicule in a Parody does not fall on the passage alluded to, but on the person to whom it is applied;” as is very ingeniously observed in a note on ver. 405, b. ii, of the later editions of the Dunciad.

† Swift.

only

only endeavour to account for the propensity which many sensible and decent men have discovered to be pleased with levities of this sort, by shewing, that there are some kinds of them not inconsistent either with true wit or genuine piety.

As to the *length* of an epigram, a great French critic seems to limit it to a distich, or two lines; as some Dutch poets have extended it to as many pages. The modern practice, however, for which the authority of * Martial might in many epigrams be pleaded, seems to have determined, That, provided one principal thought be uniformly pursued to a point through the whole, a poem of any *reasonable* length may be considered as an epigram. On this account, at least, I have ventured to insert two or three copies of a more than Belgic prolixity, where one thought prevails through the whole—as I have rejected others chiefly for the want of that simplicity.

A smoothness of versification seems so necessary in these smaller compositions, that I am almost inclined to apply seriously Prior's ironical concession,

*That " rhyme with reason may dispense,
" And sound has right to govern sense."*

At least the best sense, and most witty conceit in the world, will give little pleasure if disfigured by bad

* He has one, upon the " Villa Faustini," of 42 lines—and many of 30 and upwards.

rhymes,

rhymes, or by the dissonance of unmusical versification. In larger works some little roughness or inequality may be more pardonable; but, in these diminutive pieces, the least inaccuracy, like a flaw in a diamond, intirely destroys its value.

An essay upon song-writing, published in the Guardian, makes the whole difference between a song and an epigram to consist in the subject only: That an epigram is usually employed upon satyrical occasions; and that the business of the song is chiefly to express

“ Love’s pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.”

But, if I might venture to differ from so distinguished a writer, I should rather say, That, whatever the subject be, *tendernefs of sentiment* and an impassioned expression are essential to a song; as the usually narrative style of an epigram seems incompatible with the soft raptures of music. How ridiculous must it be to hear a Frenchman quavering out

“ Tu parles mal par tout de moy,

“ Je dis du bien par tout de toy.”

‘ Thou speakest always ill of me,

‘ I speak always well of thee.’

Which translation of an epigram from Buchanan*, was a favourite song in France: As, on the contrary, the tender sentiments and plaintive style of a lover appear inconsistent with the studied turns of an epigram—for

* Imitated from the Greek.

“ Who can chuse but pity

“ A dying swain so miserably witty ?”

If we inquire, at last, into the utility of the epigram, I should think it sufficient to say of this, as of poetry in general, that it is at least an innocent amusement to young people ; and perhaps they might receive the same advantage to their style in writing, and to their manner of expressing themselves in conversation, from being accustomed to the force and conciseness peculiar to an epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reasoning, from the close method of argumentation essential to mathematical writings.

But further ; I think an epigram may be considered, according to the most general division, either as a satyr in miniature, or as a panegyric in epitome ; and may, like those more important branches of poetry, be employed to encourage the practice of virtue by applause, or deter from vice by censure and ridicule : And, as many of them contain some precept of morality, recommended to the fancy by a concise spirited manner of expression, they are easily learned in our youth, and usually retained for life.

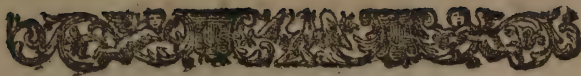
If we may judge, however, from the practice of Martial, and the best writers of epigram, it seems to be its chief province to regulate the “ *petits mœurs*,” the little decencies of behaviour ; and to ridicule affectation, vanity, and impertinence, and other offences
against

against good sense and good breeding. But we should always remember, that both this, and every other species of raillery, ought itself to be regulated by the strictest rules of humanity and benevolence. No natural defect, or unavoidable infirmity, ought on any account to be exposed; much less should any thing sacred, or truly laudable, be made the object of our ridicule: For every poet should be able to say, with Mr. Pope,

- “ *Curs’d be the verse, how well soe’er it flow,
 “ That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
 “ Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 “ Or from the soft-ey’d virgin steal a tear.”*

Yet we may certainly exempt, from this general rule, such harmless sallies of wit, upon those peculiarities of temper, or even upon those oddities of person, where the subject of our raillery may himself join in the laugh; as, I dare say, the plump gentleman did, who was pointed out in this well-known distich:

- “ *When Tadloe treads the streets, the paviors cry,
 “ God bless you, Sir, and lay their rammers by.”*



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

PANEGYRICAL.

FROM THE GREEK.

On Plutarch's Statue.

By Mr. Dryden.

W I S E, honest *Plutarch* ! to thy deathless praise,
The sons of Rome — this grateful statue raise :
For why ? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But *thou thyself* couldst never write thy own ;
Their lives had parallels — but *thine* has none.

B

On

On the Death of Dr. Friend;

Imitated from the Greek.

WHEN Radcliffe fell, afflicted *physick* cried,
 “How vain my pow’r?” and languish’d at his side,
 When *Friend* expir’d, deep-struck, her hair she tore,
 And speechless fainted and reviv’d no more.
 Her flowing grief no farther could extend—
 She mourn’d with Radcliffe, but she died with *Friend*.

On Homer.

STILL in our ears *Andromache* complains,
 And still in view the fate of Troy remains;
 Still *Ajax* fights; still *Hector*’s dragg’d along;
 Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer’s song:
 Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
 For—all the world is proud, that *he* was born.

On Menander.

THE very bees, O sweet Menander, hung,
 To taste the muse’s spring upon thy tongue:
 The very *graces* made the scenes you writ
 Their happy point of fine expression hit:
 Thus still you live; you make your Athens shine,
 And raise *her* glory to the skies in *thine*.

** On a Picture of Philoctetes.

By Perrhæsius.—From Mr. Webb’s admirable Dialogues upon Painting.

DRAWN by Perrhæsius, as in person view’d,
 Sad Philoctetes feels his pains renew’d.
 In his parch’d eyes the deep sunk tears express
 His endless misery, his dire distress.
 We blame thee, painter, tho’ thy skill commend;
 ’Twas time his sufferings with himself should end.

On the Statue of Niobe.

TO stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain—
The sculptor's art has made her breath again.

On the Statue of Venus by Praxiteles.

ANCHISES, Paris, and Adonis too
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view :
All these I freely own, 'tis past denying—
But where has this *Praxiteles* been *prying* ?

On the Statue of Alexander.

THE sculptor's art can brafs with life inspire,
Shew Alexander's features and his fire :
The statue seems to say, with up-cast eye,
Beneath *my* rule the globe of earth shall lie ;
Be *thou*, O Jove, contented with thy sky.

From the Latin of Martial.

Lib. i. Epig. 9. by Mr. Hay.

THAT you, like Thrasea, or like Cato, great,
Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate ;
Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart ;
More to *my* wish you act the Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by *death* retrieves :
Give *me* the man, who merits praise, and lives.

Epig. 40. by the same.

IS there a friend, like those distinguish'd few,
Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew ;
Polish'd by art, in every science wise ;
Truly sincere, and good without disguise ;

“ Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
 “ Nor knows a wish that heaven can refuse?
 “ Is there who can on his great self depend?”—
 I *know* indeed, but dare not *name* that friend.

From Martial.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
 The coward creeps to death—The brave lives on.

Ep. 43. by Mr. Hay.

WHEN Porcia heard, with grief, her lord was dead;
 And the stoln dagger fought in vain; she said,
 “ Think ye the means are wanting to expire?
 “ Are you so ill-instructed by my fire?”
 The burning coals then greedily devour’d;
 And cried, “ unkind attendants! *keep* the sword!”

Lib. 4. Ep. 87.

By Dr. Hoadley---to James Harris, Esq.

WOULDST thou, by Attic taste approv’d,
 By all be read, by all be lov’d;
 To learned Harris’ curious eye,
 By me advis’d, dear muse, apply.
 In him the learned judge you’ll find,
 In him, the candid friend, and kind.
 If he repeats, if he approves,
 If he the laughing muscles moves,
 ‘Thou nor the critic’s sneer shalt mind,
 Nor be to pies or trunks consign’d.
 If he condemns, away you fly,
 And mount in paper kites the sky,
 Or, dead, ’mongst Grub-street’s records lie.

}

Lib.

Lib. VI. Ep. 15.

A Drop of amber, from the weeping plant,
 Fell, unexpected, and embalm'd an ant :
 The little insect, we so much contemn,
 Is, from a worthless ant, become a *gem*.

From Martial.

A Handsome treat, a piece of gold or so,
 And compliments, will every friend bestow :
 But who alas ! can hope a friend to meet,
 That lays his laurels at inferior feet,
 And yields the tenderest point of honour, *wit* ?

}

On God's Omnipotence.

W H E N Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursu'd,
 In crystal walls, th' admiring waters stood :
 When thro' the dreary waste they took their way,
 The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea.
 What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,
 If seas can harden, and if rocks can flow !

Under the Statue of Edward VI. at St. Thomas's
Hospital.

O N Edward's brow no laurels cast a shade,
 Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd :
 Yet here, since first his bounty rais'd the pile,
 The lame grow active, and the languid smile :
 See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine,
 To kill is brutal, but to save, divine.

To King Charles I. on his Navy.

By Mr. Waller.

S H O U L D nature's self invade the world again,
 And o'er the center spread the liquid main,

Thy power were safe—and her destructive hand
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command :
 Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

To King James the II^d in his first Year.

By Lord Lansdown.

TH O' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
 Thou chusest not to conquer men, but hearts ;
 Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
 But thou prefer'st the name of *just* to *great*.

O! could the ghosts of mighty heroes dead
 Return on earth, and quit th' *Elysian* shade !
Brutus to *James* would trust the people's cause,
 Thy *justice* is a stronger guard than *laws*—
Marius and *Sylla* would resign to thee,
 Nor *Cæsar* and great *Pompey* rivals be ;
 Or rivals only, who should best obey,
 And *Cato* give his voice for *regal* sway.

To the Author of the foregoing.

By Mr. Waller.

AN early plant, which such a blossom bears,
 And shews a genius, thus beyond his years ;
 A judgment that could make so fair a choice
 So high a subject to employ his voice ;
 Still as it *grows*, how sweetly will he sing
 The *growing* greatness of our matchless *king* !

On the Death of King William.

VAIN Greece consult no more, or haughty Rome,
 For worth or virtue ; view this royal tomb :
 Beneath whose shade more sacred dust is wept,
 Than in their urns or temples ever slept.

Cæsar

Cæsar had courage, but the tyrant's name,
 And Rome enslav'd, obscur'd the warrior's fame.
Cato had honour; but the dagger, near,
 When dangers press'd, betray'd the patriot's fear.
 His triumphs one by dire oppression gain'd;
 And one his virtues by his weakness stain'd:
 Britain's lov'd king did with each Roman vie,
 As fond of freedom; as resolv'd to die;
 Without his guilt did *Cæsar's* laurels wear,
 And boasted *Cato's* fame, without his fear.

Inscription for a Fountain, adorned with the
 Statue of Queen Anne, and the chief Rivers
 of the World round it.

By Mr. Prior.

YE active streams, where-e'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes and farthest nations know,
 What ye from *Thames* and Danube have been taught,
 How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlb'ro'* fought.

To the Prince,

On his Appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.

TH Y guardian, blest Britannia! scorns to sleep,
 When the sad subjects of his father weep!
 Weak princes, by their fears, increase distress;
 He faces danger, and thus makes it less.
 Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy,
 He knows to *save* is greater than *destroy*.

On the Death of King George I.

COMMERCE and peace restor'd, each sea his own,
 Europe's proud states all bending to his throne,

Austria reduc'd, and humbled haughty *Spain*,
 Forc'd to resign her title to the main!
Iberia's Power by her own forts enslav'd,
Philip repuls'd, *Gibraltar* nobly sav'd.
 What could he more solicit of the sky?—
 Just in the fulness of his fame—to die.

To Charles Granville, Lord Lansdown, on the
 Bombarding the Town of Granville in Nor-
 mandy—which had the Granville Arms on
 one of the Gates of the City.

THOSE arms, which now for centuries had brav'd
 The wrath of time on antique stone engrav'd,
 'Tho' torn by mortars, stand yet undefac'd,
 On nobler trophies by thy valour rais'd.
 * Safe on thy eagle's wings they soar, above,
 The rage of war or thunder to remove,
 Borne by the bird of Cæsar and of Jove.

To Mr. Poyntz, on his Picture.

By Lord Lyttleton.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
 A hand or colours to express thy mind?
 A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
 In a false world that *dares* to be sincere;
 Wise without art; without ambition great;
 'Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate:
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
 Yet better still by native prudence taught;
 That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel;

* He was created a count of the empire; the family arms to be
 borne for ever on the breast of the Imperial spread eagle.

That,

That, where misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know,
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe :
 That fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause :
 That, to his own perfections singly blind,
 Would—for another—think this praise design'd.

To Mr. West, at Wickham.

By the same

F A I R nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd,
 Well in thy *seat*, my friend, I see,
 But better in thy *mind*.
 To both from courts and all their state,
 Eager I fly, to prove
 Joys far above a courtier's fate,
 Tranquillity and love.

On the Temple of English Worthies at Stow.

A M O N G these chiefs of British race,
 Who live in breathing stone,
 Why has not Cobham's bust a place?—
 The structure was his own.

On Milton.

By Mr. Dryden.

T H R E E poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
 The next in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no farther go—
 To make a third, she join'd the other two.

On Shakespear's Monument, at Stratford upon
Avon.

By Mr. Seward.

GREAT Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame;
Yet not to birth alone did *Homer* owe
His wond'rous worth; what *Egypt* could bestow,
With all the schools of *Greece* and *Asia* join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the *Mæonian* strain,
The * *British* eagle and the *Martian* swan
Tow'r equal heights. But, happier *Stratford*, thou
With uncontested laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
More than all *Egypt*, *Greece*, or *Asia* taught.
Not *Homer*'s self such matchless honours won;
The *Greek* has rivals, but thy *Shakespear* none.

To a Lady—

Allied to the Royal Family.

THE powerful name, whose princely meaning shews,
From what high spring your blood's rich current
flows,

With needful awe reminds us of your race,
Since heaven has stamp'd dominion on your face.
Still in your sovereign form distinctly live
All royal rights your father-kings could give.
In your commanding air, we mark their state;
In your sweet words, their wisdom and their weight;
Warm in your generous breast, their *courage* lies,
And all their pow'r and mercy in your eyes.

* Milton.

On

On Miss Biddy Floyd.

By Dr. Swift.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
 To form some beauty by a new receipt;
 Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
 Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
 From which ingredients, first the dextrous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
 The graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
 These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious grain,
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy composition, *Floyd*.

To an English Lady at Paris.

WHILST haughty *Gallia's* dames, that spread
 O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
 In native charms, divinely fair—
 Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
 And with *unborrow'd* blushes glow'd.

On Mrs. Barbieri's first Appearance on the
Stage.

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
 In vain he strives to move us with his song:
 On a fair *Siren* we have fix'd our choice,
 And wait with longing ears for *Barbieri's* voice:
 When, lo! the nymph, by bashful awe betray'd,
 Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
 But, so much innocence adorns her fears,
 And with such grace her modesty she wears,

By her disorder, all her charms increase,
And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us *less*.

A Flower painted by Varelst.

WHEN fam'd *Varelst* this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.

On Flowers embroidered by a young Lady.

THIS charming bed of flow'rs when *Flora* spy'd,
By *Flavia*'s needle wrought; enrag'd she cry'd:
Still to be vanquish'd by her is my doom;
Mine early fade, but *her's* shall ever bloom;
Bloom like her face; that stings me to the heart;
Surpass'd in beauty, as excell'd in art.

On a little House built by a poetical Gentleman.

A Bard, grown desirous of saving his self,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but him-
self;
This enrag'd god *Apollo* who *Mercury* sent,
And bid him go ask, what his votary meant.
Some foe to my empire has been his adviser;
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser:
Tell him, *Hermes*, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn by the *Sytx* to defeat his design;
For, where-ever he comes, the muses shall reign;
And the muses, he knows, have a numerous train.

To Mr. Pope on his Translation of Homer.

SO much, dear *Pope*, thy *English* Iliad charms,
When pity melts us, or when passion warms,
That

That after ages shall with wonder seek,
Who 'twas *translated Homer* into Greek.

In Behalf of Mr. *Southerne*.

To the Duke of Argyle.

ARGYLE, his praise when Southerne wrote,
First struck out this and then that thought,
Said this was flatt'ry, that a fault;
How shall the bard contrive?
My lord, consider what you do,
He'll lose his pains, and verses too;
For, if these praises fit not you,
They'll *serve no man* alive.

To the right hon. *Arthur*, Earl of *Anglesey*,
By Swift.

IF the old * *Samian* doctrine of spirits be true,
Then *Cicero's* spirit does penance in you;
For *Jove*, when he saw him so fond of applause,
Which sway'd him much more than the client or cause,
Determin'd his soul to your body to doom,
Great as when first he astonish'd old Rome;
With all his own virtues a second time blest
And fortitude added to crown all the rest;
But to check the vain glory, that reign'd in his spirit,
He gave you *an ear that can't bear your own merit*.

On the Spectator.

WHEN first the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the *Spectator* rose and blaz'd as bright.

* Pythagoras, who first taught the transmigration of souls, was of Samos.

So

So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
 And sigh'd till circling days his joys renew'd ;
 Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
 Whether a bright successor, or the same ;
 So we ; but now from this suspense are freed,
 Since all agree who both with judgment read,
 'Tis the *same sun and does himself* succeed.

}

On the Earl of Macclesfield.

WHEN the seals were deliver'd to Macclesfield's
 charge,

Each God for approving gave reasons at large :
 But Apollo excepted ; and said, so much wit,
 With such eloquence join'd, for that charge was unfit :
 Lest the injur'd, who at his tribunal appear'd,
 And put in their complaints, with intent to be heard ;
 Should feed on the honey, that dropp'd from his tongue,
 And charm'd by his speaking forget their own wrong ;
 Minerva too added " his prudence is such,
 " As not to indulge his own judgment too much.
 " And whoe'er he consults, I plainly foresee,
 " Must be some who knows less of the matter than he,
 " Old authors for instance—then men shall bemoan,
 " That he such opinions prefers to his own."
 Jove heard ; and thus calmly deliver'd his thoughts :
 " No man is more guilty of these and such faults,
 " Yet still I've one reason, for which he is given,
 " To shew men how justice is practis'd in heaven."

To the Lord Chancellor King.

(*Alluding to his Motto—" Labor ipse voluptas !"*)

'TIS not the splendor of the place,
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,

And

And all the pompous train of state,
 With crouds, which at the levee wait,
 That make you happy, make you great :
 But when mankind you strive to bless,
 With all the talents you possess ;
 When all the joys you can receive,
 Flow from the benefits you give ;
 This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
 And makes the heavy burden light ,
 'True *pleasure*, rightly understood,
 Is only *labour to do good*.

Advice to Mr. Pope : on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.

O ! thou, who, with a happy genius born,
 Can'st tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn ;
 Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
 Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise :
 Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage ;
 He sung and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age :
 If Britain his translated song would hear,
 First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear ;
 So shall thy father *Homer* smile to see
 His Pension paid, tho' late ; and paid to thee.

Written on a Glass with the Earl of Chesterfield's
Diamond Pencil.

A CCEPT a miracle instead of wit ;
 See ! two *dull lines* by *Stanhope's* pencil writ.

On the fortunate and auspicious Reigns of
 Q. Elizabeth and Q. Anne.

S URE heav'n's unerring voice decreed of old
 The fairest sex should *Europe's* balance hold.

As great *Eliza's* forces humbled *Spain*
 So *France* now stoops to *Anne's* superior reign :
 Thus, tho' proud Jove with thunder fills the sky,
 Yet, in *Astræa's* hands, the fatal scale does lie.

Written in "*The Fables for the Female Sex.*"

WHILE here the poet paints the charms
 That bless the perfect dame,
 How unaffected beauty warms,
 And wit preserves the flame ;
 How prudence, virtue, sense agree,
 To form the happy wife :
 In *Lucy*, and her book, I see
 The picture and the life.

On Lord Cobham's Gardens.

IT puzzles much the sages brains,
 Where Eden stood of yore ;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains,
 Some say, it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute
 As all the curious know ;
 For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
 That paradise is *Stow*.

To a Lady ; who sent Compliments to a
 Clergyman—on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
 Old English services are more sincere ;
 You send *ten* hearts—the tythe is only mine,
 Give me but one—and burn the other nine.

On

On a Grotto of Shells—

*The Work of nine young Ladies in Hampshire.**By Mr. Pope.*

HERE shunning idleness at once and praise,
 This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise.
 The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
 Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
 Beauty which nature only can impart,
 And such a polish as disgraces art.
 But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
 And hid in desarts—what would charm a court.

On the same. By the hon. Mr. H.—

SO much this building captivates the sight,
 Nought but the builders can give more delight;
 In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
 In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
 O! nature, nature, thou hast conquer'd art;
She charms the sight alone—but *you* the heart.

Wit and Beauty.

TH' inspiring muses, and the god of love,
 With rival pow'r, to grace Melinda strove.
 Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
 Whilst every muse enrich'd her mind with arts.
 Though Greece in splendid temples heretofore
 Did Venus and Minerva's power adore,
 Those antients thought no single goddess fit
 To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit:
 Each was a sep'rate claim—yet now we find
 The different titles in Melinda join'd.

To

To a Lady—half-masking herself, when she
smiled.

SO when the sun, with his meridan light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble fight;
We thank th' officious cloud—by whose kind aid
We view his glory—soften'd by a shade.

On the Duke of Devonshire's Seat in Derby-
shire.

WHEN Scotland's queen, her native realms expell'd,
In antient Chatfworth was a captive held,
Had then the pile to its new charms arriv'd,
Happier the captive, than the queen had liv'd,
What sighs in pity of her state could rise,
That found the fugitive in paradise!

Under the Picture of a * musical Mechanic.

TH O' mean thy rank, yet, in thy humble cell,
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell,
Well-pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

On the Invention of Letters.

From the French.

THE noble art from Cadmus took its rise,
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes.
He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the dying sound.

* One Tom Briton, a smallcoal-man—well known some years since—
in London.

The

The various figures by his pencil wrought
Gave colour, and a body to the thought.

From Mr. Pope, on the same Subject.

H E A V E N first taught letters, for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak; they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the pole.

Parallel between the *Antients* and *Moderns*.

S O M E for the antients zealously declare,
Others, again, our modern wits prefer;
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

To Mr. Pope on his *Dunciad*.

T H E raven, rook, and pert jack-daw,
(Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind,

Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than *Dennis'* rules
And point instruction ev'ry way.

With *Egypt's* art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed;
And ev'ry rogue that stunk, alive,
Becomes a precious mummy, dead.

On the Earl of Dorset.

BY fav'ring wit, *Mæcenæ* purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name :
 A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
 At once the patron, and the poet too.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

From Prior.

WITH virtue, strong as yours, had Eve been arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd :
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
 Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

On Dean Swift's leaving an Hospital for Ideots
and Lunatics.

THE dean must die! our ideots to maintain.
 Perish, ye ideots!—and long live the Dean!

On the same

LO! Swift to ideots bequeaths his store :
 Be wise, ye rich—consider thus the poor.

On Love and Friendship.

THE love that's cold, or friendship that's not warm,
 Does no one good—but may do many harm.

On Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,
 Dug from the *Indian* mine ;
 Which boasts two various powers in one,
 To cut as well as shine.

Genius

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gift abounds—
 Appears at once both keen and bright
 And *sparkles* while it wounds.

The Stage's Acknowledgment.

O Nature! when thy sovereign pow'r we see,
 How poor a thing must affectation be!—
 Whilst *Clive*, with beauteous ease, the audience charms,
 And, with the fire of native influence, warms;
 Pour'd from her eyes, the meaning raptures roll,
 And shoot the laughing graces thro' the soul.
 Or, when the sprightly song demands our aid,
 How pointed are thy notes, O music! made?
 Poets, and masters, careless, may compound,
 Her look is measure; and her action, sound.

To Mrs. Robinson, a celebrated Actress.

W H E N *Salvia* sings, or acts the heroine's part,
 The fiction's ill-supported by her art:
 Still something vulgar, thro' the rich disguise,
 Betrays the mimic, and offends the eyes:
 But when *your* voice is heard, and beauty seen—
 You seem a *goddess*, whilst you act a *queen*.

To Dr. Purcell, the great Musician.

T O you a tribute from each muse is due,
 The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you—
 For surely none but you, with equal ease,
 Could *add* to *David*—and make *D'Urfey* please.

On the five Busts in Queen Caroline's Hermitage at Richmond.

H I G H on the list of fame while *Newton* stands,
 Whose spreading beams enlighten foreign lands;
 Whose

Whose piercing genius could alone explore
 Nature's deep secrets, unreveal'd before ;
 And, on adven'trous wings transported, trace
 The starry wonders of th' etherial space :
 While *Locke*, with native force of reason, charms,
 And *Woolaston*, by strokes of nature, warms :
 While piety and learning both conspire,
 In *Clarke*, to fan religion's sacred fire ;
 Whose milder rules, to souls by passion driv'n,
 Shall kindly point the certain road to heav'n :
 While *Boyle*, whose philosophic eye could trace
 The mystic lines of nature's various face,
 Shall like the sun, diffusive beams impart,
 Enlight'ning all the mazy wild of art :
 So long, illustrious queen ! shalt thou receive
 The choicest honours that the muse can give.

On the Augustan Age.

FOR twice nine cent'ries—why has partial fame
 O'er worthier Romans swell'd th' *Augustan* name ?
 O'er *Julius* nobler, and of greater mind ?
 O'er *Titus*' self, the darling of mankind ?—
 What, but the muse, this lasting diff'rence made ?
 Pleas'd poets lent the world's great lord their aid ;
 And, from *their* grateful praise, consent first grew,
 That he, who rais'd the arts—surpass'd them *too*.

On the celebrated Dispute between the Ancients and Moderns.

SWIFT for the ancients has argu'd so well,
 'Tis apparent, from thence, that the moderns excel.

In Praise of Mead.

THE juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold !
 Which *British* bards were wont to quaff of old.

The

The berries of the grape with *furies* swell;
But, in the honey-comb, the *graces* dwell,

To a Lady—on her Recovery from the
Small-Pox.

CLOE, no more unjustly fear
Your num'rous slaves' decrease;
Say, does the sun less bright appear,
Tho' spots o'er-spread his face?
Those stains, by fate's severe decree,
He's ever doom'd to wear;
While thine each rising morn shall see
Dissolving into air.

To a young Lady—

With Lord Halifax's Advice to a Daughter.

A DVICE, Cosmelia, by the wife is lov'd,
And, where 'tis wanted least, is most approv'd.
What, tho' it teach but what you now behave!
A friend may offer what a father gave.
What, tho' you need it not; yet kindly take:
And read it oft and oft,—for others' sake:
In fairest light their duty then they'll view,
The precept this, the bright example you.

On presenting Lord Lansdown's Works to the
Princess Royal.

W HEN we'd exalt some heavenly fair,
To some bright goddess we compare;
Minerva, wisdom; *Juno*, grace,
And *Venus* furnishes the face!
In royal *Anne*'s bright form is seen,
What comprehends them all—the *queen*.

To

To Sir Godfrey Kneller,

On his drawing Lady Hyde's Picture.

KNELLER, take heed, for vast is the design,
And madness 'twere for any hand, but thine :
For mocking thunder bold Salmoneus dies,
And 'tis as rash to imitate her eyes.

To a fine Woman, too fond of praising her
Husband.

By Dr. Swift.

YOU always are making a god of your spouse ;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows :
rhaps you will say, 'Tis in gratitude due,
And you *adore* him, because he *adores* you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find ;
For you, by this rule, must *adore* all mankind.

To a Friend, who had been abus'd by a Libel.

By the same.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight ;
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can unreveng'd the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done ? Shall wit and learning chuse
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose ?
By censure frighted, quit fair honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heav'n bestow'd ;
Or fearless enter in—thro' virtue's gate,
And buy *distinction*, at the dearest rate.

To Mr. Pope.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
 Its own celestial fire ;
 While critics, and while bards, in rage,
 Admiring, won't admire :

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
 And envious tongues decry ;
 These times tho' many a friend bewail,
 These times bewail not I :

But, when the world's loud praise is thine,
 And spleen no more shall blame ;
 When with thy *Homer* thou shalt shine,
 In one establish'd fame :

When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
 Devote a wreath to thee ;
 That day (for come it will) that day
 Shall I lament to see.

The Parallel :

Between the illustrious John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and the Rev. Charles Churchill, Poet.

IN Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
 And, great in arms, subdu'd Britannia's foes :
 A greater Churchill now demands our praise,
 And the palm yields to the poetic bays :
 Tho' John fought nobly at his army's head,
 And slew his thousands with the balls of lead :
 Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
 Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

** To Mr. Garrick *.

By the Rev. Mr. Fr-mpt-n.

THE preacher's looks when Roscius ey'd
 And on his accents hung,
 The preacher's breast first felt a pride,
 A fluency his tongue.

Not that he caught the mighty glow
 Which heightens Shakespear's sense ;
 Thy thunder, or thy tender flow
 Of magic eloquence.

Remote from all the speaker's art,
 He triumph'd in his *theme*.
That struck itself the feeling heart,
 And met the genial flame.

Couldst thou impart the powers that shake,
 At Fiction's call, the soul :
 The eyes that look, the lips that speak
 The passions of the soul :

Keen, as the piercing of the steel,
 The priest could strike the breast ;
 Could teach the callous how to feel,
 The wicked how to rest.

His great revenge the Moors should stop,
 Glamis again should sleep,
 Gloster his wreaking ponyard drop,
 The Dane forget to weep.

By thee the powerful preacher taught,
 The wond'ring croud should teach !
 The croud would catch the heart-felt thought,
 —For Roscius then would preach.

April, 1766.

* On his complimenting the preacher.



A

COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK II.

SATYRICAL.

From the Greek :

By Mr. Prior.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth :
Sad *Heraclitus*, serious wretch, return
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by ;
Hurt, can I laugh ? and honest, need I cry ?

Cræsus and Diogenes.

THE *Lydian* prince is blam'd for wealth alone,
 Tho' greater in his virtues than his throne :
 The *Cynic* churl is prais'd, of fame secure,
 Tho' void of ev'ry grace, but being poor :
 Nor wonder whence this partial judgment springs,
 Such crouds are envious, and so few are kings.

From the LATIN.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

I KNOW not whether, in *Narcissus*' glass,
 Matchless *Corinna*, you e'er saw your face :
 But this I know, with beauties all her own,
 Matchless *Corinia* is inamour'd grown.
 The youth some reason for his frenzy had ;
 What made *him* so, made many others mad :
 Your cause is less, therefore your madness more ;
 Without a rival you yourself adore.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 34.

By Mr. Hay.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows ;
 Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
 No mourner he, who must by praise be fee'd !
 But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed !

Lib. i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine ;
 But, as thou read'st them, they *may* pass for thine.

Lib.

Lib. ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown;
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

Lib. iv. Ep. 78.

By Dr. Hoadley.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes her man,
And I must dine with lady Anne:
A silver service loads the board;
Of eatables a slender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals, spare!"
"I came to dine, and not to stare."

Ep. 79.

THREE twenty years you've seen your grass made hay;
Your eye-brows too proclaim your hair is grey:
Yet through all quarters of the town you run;
At ev'ry ball and levee you make one:
No great man stirs, but you are at his heels,
And never fail both those who have the seals:
You never miss St. James's; ever chat
Of lord or bishop *this*, or general *that*.
To youth leave trifles; have you not been told,
That, of all fools, no fool is like the old?

Lib. vii. Ep. 3.

YOU ask me, Why I have no verses sent?
For fear you should return the compliment.

Ep. 75.

By. Dr. Headley.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
 To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
 Or take thee to their country-seat,
 To make their dogs, or bless their meat—
 Ah! dream not on preferment soon—
 Thou'rt not their friend—but their buffoon.

Ep. 100.

WHEN, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting syren, in thy tongue;
 What flames, what darts, what anguish, I endur'd;
 But, when the candle enter'd—I was cur'd.

Lib. ix. Ep. 71.

OH! the degen'rate age! great Tully cry'd,
 When Catiline design'd his parricide;
 When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain,
 Which mourn'd, in tears of blood, the subjects slain.
 Oh! the degen'rate age! you loudly chatter:
 What is the matter, Sir, what *is* the matter?
 No civil discord now; no tyrant's pow'r;
 Peaceful and joyous passes ev'ry hour:—
 If you esteem the age so wicked grown,
 Blame not *our* morals for it, but your *own*.

Lib. ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise:—
 They're incorrect, a brother poet says:
 But let him rail; for, when I give a feast,
 Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

Lib.

Lib. xii. Ep. 54.

TH Y hair and beard are of a diff'rent dye;
 Short of one foot—distorted in an eye;
 With all these tokens of a knave complete,
 Should'st thou be *honest*, thou art a dev'lish cheat!

By Mr. Pope.

MY lord complains—that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
 Has lopp'd three trees, the value of three farthings;
 “But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
 “And, if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.”—
 What, on compulsion! and against my will
 A lord's acquaintance—let him file his bill.

On the River Danube:

By Dr. Swift.

SE E how the wand'ring *Danube* flows,
 Realms and religions parting!
 A friend to all true *Christian* foes,
 To *Peter*, *Jack*, and *Martin*.

Now Protestant, and Papist now;
 Not constant long to either;
 At length an infidel does grow,
 And ends his journey, neither.

Thus many a youth I've known set out,
 Half Protestant, half Papist;
 And, rambling long the world about,
 Turn infidel and atheist.

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wife, detested by the good,
 Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
 Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
 Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert;
 Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
 Desperately gay—and impotently lewd:
 And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
 For eminence in *folly*, deem'd a *wit*.

Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney,

On his Books in Favour of a Vegetable Diet.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
 Thou didst thy system learn;
 From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
 Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grass;
 The one for babes is only food,
 The other for an ass.

Doctor! one new prescription try,
 (A friend's advice forgive;)
 Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;
 Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

MY system, Doctor, is my own,
 No tutor I pretend;—
 My blunders hurt myself alone,
 But your's your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
 Thrice happy might you be;
 Perhaps you might regain your mind,
 And from your wit get free.

I can't

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive ;
'Tis nat'ral you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

On a whole Length of Mr. Nash, *between the
Busts 'of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, in
the Rooms at Bath.*

By Lord Ch—f—d.

IMMORTAL *Newton* never spoke
More truth than here you'll find ;
Nor *Pope* himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture, plac'd the busts between,
Gives satyr all its strength :
Wisdom and Wit are *little* seen,
But Folly at *full length*.

On Mr. Nash's Statue—

*Not being plac'd in the Center of the Pump-room, where
the Clock stands.*

QUOTH Nash to the clock, “ stand out of my way : ” }
Quoth the clock, “ Mr. Nash, 'tis too late in the day }
“ For you to command whom you ought to obey. }

“ You are no monarch now, your pow'r's decry'd, }
“ And the whole corporation, to humble your pride, }
“ Have agreed, thus in public, to *set you aside.* ” }

** To Mr. Derrick.

On some Regulations relative to the Ladies Dress ;]

By Mr. G—rrick—

LYCURGUS of Bath,
Be not given to wrath,
Your rigour the fair should not feel :

Still keep them your debtors,
 Make laws like your betters,
 And, as fast as you make them, * repeal!

** The Answer:

By a Lady—

SHOULD this *pigmy* † of Bath
 Persist in his wrath,
 And with Nash's authority rank it,
 We'd muster our strength
 And lay him at length,
 And toss the poor thing in a blanket.

On the Picture of King Charles II.

BEHOLD a witty, foolish king,
 Whose faith no man relies on!
 Who never *said* a foolish thing,—
 Nor ever *did* a wise one.

On King William's Exploits, during two
 Campaigns in Flanders.

THE author sure must take great pains,
 Who fairly writes his story,
 In which of these two last campaigns
 He gain'd the greatest glory:
 For, while that he march'd on to fight,
 Like hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his fight,
 And *Mons* within his hearing.

The Balance.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails,
 For nothing's left in either of the scales.

* N. B. Written at the time of repealing the famous Stamp-act.

† — at ingenium ingens

—tut hoc sub corpore—

HOR,

On

On the Duchefs of Portsmouth's Picture.

WH O can on this picture look,
 And not straight be wonder-struck,
 That fuch a wither'd, dowdy thing,
 Should make a beggar of a king !
 Three happy nations turn to tears,
 And all their former love to fears ;—
 False and foolish, proud and bold,
 Ugly, as you fee, and old :
 In a word,—her haughty grace
 Is whore in all things—but her face.

On a Prelate's going out of Church to wait on
the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

L O R D *Pam* in the church (could you think it !) kneel'd
 down ;
 When told that the duke was juft come to town,
 His ftation deserting—unaw'd by the place,
 He flies from his God, to attend on his grace :
 To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
 Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

On a fine Seat unfinished.

WH E N *Ilion* rofe, to grace the fair design,
 The walls were built by architects divine ;
Neptune and *Phæbus* left their heavenly bow'rs,
 To form the baffions, and erect the tow'rs :
 Could *Gallio* hire his workmen from the skies,
 To its juft height his dome might then arife ;
 By their affiftance reach the upper floor,
 If gods would work—for men will truft no more.

From Mr. Prior.

TO *John* I ow'd great obligation,
 But *John*, unhappily, thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation —
 Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

In Chaucer's Style.

FULL oft doth *Mat* with *Topaz* dine,
 Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh *Greek* wine;
 But *Topaz* his own werke rehearseth;
 And *Mat* mote praise what *Topaz* verseth:
 Now, sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
 Full hardly earneth *Mat* his dinner.

By the same.

THY nags (the leanest things alive)
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It cost thee more in whips than hay.—

A smart Repartee.

CRIES *Sylvia* to a reverend Dean,
 What reason can be given,
 (Since marriage is a holy thing)
 That there are none in heaven?
 There are no women he reply'd;—
 She quick returns the jest—
 Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest.

LYE on! while my revenge shall be
 To speak the very truth of three!—

The Fate of Envy.

YE little wits, that gleam'd a while,
 When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
 Alas ! depriv'd of his kind smile,
 How soon you fade away !

To compass Phœbus' car about,
 Thus empty vapours rise ;
 Each lends his cloud, to put *him* out,
 That rear'd him to the skies.

Alas ! those skies are not your sphere,
 There, he shall ever burn !
 Weep, weep, and fall ! for earth ye were,
 And shall to earth return.

Extempore—By Lord B—.

WE L L ! Sir, suppose the bust is a damn'd head ;
 Suppose that Pope's an elf ;
 All he can say for't, is, he neither made
 The busto nor himself.

Friendly Advice to Mr. Pope.

WI N G ' D by the muse's god to rise sublime,
 What has thy fame to fear from peevish rhyme !
 Shalt thou, decreed till time's own death, to live,
 Yet want the noblest courage—to forgive ?
 Slander'd in vain, *enjoy* the spleen of foes ;
 Let these from *envy* hate ; from *interest*, those :
 Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,
 Since none can *envy*, till he first admires ;
 And *nature* tells the last his crime is *none*,
 Who, to *your* interest, but prefers his *own*.

The

The Plagiary.

MORE always smiles, whenever he recites ;
 He smiles, you think, approving what he writes ;
 And yet, in this, no vanity is shown ;
 A *modest* man may like what's not his own.

The Mutual Vouchers.

CARLO you say writes well, suppose it true ;
 You pawn your word for him, who'll vouch for you.
 So two poor knaves, who find their credit fail,
 To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

On Shakespear restored.

'TIS generous, *Tibbald*, in thee and thy brothers
 To help us thus to read the works of others ;
 Never for this can just returns be shewn,
 For who will help us e'er to read thy own !

Par nobile fratrum.

BURNET and *Ducket*, friends in spite,
 Came hissing forth in verse ;
 Both were so forward, each would write,
 So dull, each hung an a—.
 Thus * *amphisbæna*, I have read,
 At either end affails ;
 None knows, which leads, or which is led,
 For both heads are but tails.—

• A kind of worm.

On an obscure Writer.

DE A R Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole ;
Above ground never born to go,
What mighty stir it keeps below !
To make a mole-hill all this strife ;
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread,
Conscious of nothing o'er its head !
Till lab'ring on, for want of eyes,
It blunders into light—and dies !

On the Grubstreet Writers.

OF old, when the wags attack'd Colly Cibber,
As player, as bard, and odaic wine-bibber,
To a friend that advis'd him to answer their malice,
And check, by reply, their extravagant fallies,
No, no, quoth the laureat, with a smile of much glee,
They write for a dinner which they sha'n't get from me.

Answer.

SINCE the laureat, quoth *Dactyl*, is cruelly bent
Not to answer our malice, that we may keep Lent ;
Let him give up the bays, and return to the stage,
And try, as an actor, to charm the dull age ;
For, if he writes on,—o'er a glass and good chear
We shall feast on his odes,—at least twice a year.

To Dr. Tr—p* on his Translation of Virgil.

MIND but thy preaching, T—p, translate no
further :
Is it not written, “ Thou shalt do no murther ?”

* Though Dr. Tr—p's translation of Virgil is not poetical, he gives the sense of his author, and his notes are very judicious.

On the same:—*From Dr. Young.*

IF at his title Tr—p had drop'd his quill,
Tr—p might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But Tr—p, alas! (excuse him if you can)
Is now a scribler, who was once a man.

** To Mr. Voltaire, *on his censuring Milton's
Allegory of Death and Sin.*

By Dr. Young.

THOU art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.

On Glover's Leonidas, being compared to
Virgil.

EQUAL to Virgil!—It may perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trap's.

On a bad Translation.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it no doubt;
For sure I am, "that *murder* will come out."

On a certain Poet.

THY verses are *eternal*, O! My friend,
For he that reads them, reads them to *no end*.*

On the Translation of Suetonius.

By Dr. Philemon Holland.

PHILEMON with translations does so fill us,
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus*.

* These are all instances of mixt wit,—but, as they have met with
applause, are here inserted.—See the Essay prefixed,

On Mr. Cornelius Marten.

NIGRINUS leads a married life
 Not with his own, but neighbour's wife;
 And, tho' *Cornelius* knows it's thus,—
 Still he's *Cornelius tacitus*.

On a Company of *bad* Dancers to *good* Music;

HOW ill the motion with the music suits!
 So Orpheus fiddled—and so danc'd the brutes.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he *mov'd* old Nick,
 Whilst thou *mov'st* nothing—but thy fiddle-stick.

On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion
 and a Cock at Blenheim.

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
 Than *Van*, to grace his fame, in marble wrought;
 No more in arms, than he in emblems skill'd,
 The *cock* had driv'n the *lion* from the field.

On the Bridge at Blenheim.

By Dr. Evans.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shews,
 The stream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.

** On the same.

Extempore—By Mr. Pope.

THE minnows, as thro' this vast arch they pass,
 Cry, How like whales we look! thanks to your grace!
 On

On Dr. Evans's cutting down a Row of Trees;
at St. John's-College, Oxon.

INDULGENT nature on each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes :
'The goose, a silly bird, yet shuns the fox ;
Lambs fly from wolves ; and sailors steer from rocks.
Evans, the gallows, as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

On a bad Painter.

FABIUS, you say, is much inclin'd,
Each cheek with too much red to fill ;
His pieces only *blush* to find
The painter draws their looks so ill.

Prometheus ill-painted.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' fate appear !
Whilst he his second misery suffers here ;
Draw him no more ; lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great *Jove's* less than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty out-do,
If once again his liver thus should grow :
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold theft allow ;
The flames he once stole from thee grant him now !

The Antidote.

WHEN *Lesbia* first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air ;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire :
But, soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke ;

Like

Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her *eyes* enthrall'd, her *tongue* unbound,

On the same Subject.

SELINDA sure's the brightest thing,
That decks our earth, or breathes our air;
Mild are her looks, like op'ning spring,
And like the blooming summer fair.

But yet her wit's so very small,
That all her charms appear to lie,
Like glaring colours on a wall,
And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
Our ears are absent from the feast ;
One sense is surfeited with sweets,
Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen, with aspect bright,
And tawdry pride, a tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
Dull and insipid to the smell.

Short-liv'd Beauty.

BEAUTY is but a short-liv'd flower,
Alas ! too subject to decay,
That blooms, th' amusement of an hour,
And sheds its glory with the day.

Whoever ancient *Phyllis* knows,
Will find this literally true ;
Mark on her cheeks the blushing rose,
Short-liv'd, as on the tree it grew.

The'

Tho' on the beauties of each feature
 Th' embellishments of art are laid,
 Yet all her charms, to copy nature,
 Bloom in the morn, at ev'ning fade.

By Lord Lansdown.

BRIGHT as the day, and as the morning fair,
 Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

The Fate of Artifice.

IN church, the pray'r-book, and the fan display'd,
 And solemn curt'sies, shew the wily maid ;
 At plays, the leering looks and wanton airs,
 And nods, and smiles, are fondly meant for snares :
 Alas ! vain charmer, you no lover get,
 There you seem hypocrite, and here coquet.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
 At all times, and in ev'ry place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
 Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my *Fannia* ; Oh, forbear,
 If your own health or our's you prize ;
 For all mankind, that hear you, swear
 Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd ;
 All are distracted while they gaze,
 But, if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise,
 Than all you say, or all you write ;
 One look ten thousand charms displays,
 Then hush !—and be an angel quite.

To a painted Lady.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess:
Double we see those faults, which art would mend,
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

On a homely Lady that patched much.

YOUR homely face, *Flippanta*, you disguise,
With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleased, if less your face we view:
Yet I advise, if my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch,—but be that patch a *mask*.

On the marriage of an Old Maid.

CLOE a coquet in her prime,
The vainest ficklest thing alive;
(Behold the strange effects of time!)
Marries and dotes at forty-five.

Thus weathercocks, who, for a while,
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point and fix at last.

Ill judged Expence.

SYLVIA, methinks, you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For, tho' we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face:
Then where's the pleasure, where's the good
Of spending time and cost?
For, if your wit's not understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

By

By Swift.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

** Of a fair Shrew—

By Sir John Harington †. 1588.

FAIR, rich, and young! how rare is her perfection,
Were it not mingled with one foul infection?
So proud an heart, I mean, so curst a tongue,
As makes her seem, nor fair, nor rich, nor young.

** Of Cinna.

By the same.

POOR Cinna keeps his wife a maiden cook,
With blushing cheeks, brown locks, and chearful look:
What might he mean by this? I hold my life,
She dresses *flesh* for *him*, not for his wife.

** Of Cursing Cuckolds.

By the same.

ALORD that talk'd of late, with idle scorn,
Of some that *wore* invisibly the *horn*;
Said, "he could wish, and did for his own part,
All cuckolds in the Thames, with all his heart."
When lo! a pleasant knight replied to him,
"I hope your lordship then has learn'd to swim!"

† To whom we are obliged for a translation of Ariosto, an apology for Poetry, &c.

On Wedlock.

NO more, O Rome, thy modern creed defend:
 No more for seven sacraments contend;
 Each wedded wretch can readily confute
 Thy boasted arguments in this dispute.
 For all, by sad experience taught, proclaim,
Penance and matrimony are the same.

On Indulgences at Rome.

IF without gold salvation can't be bought,
 How curs'd the wretch,—who is not worth a groat!
 But, if Christ's death for all has purchas'd peace,
 Rejoice, ye poor, and let your misery cease.

On a Modern Fine Lady.

COULD our first father, at his toilsome plough,
 Thorns in his path, and labour on his brow;
 Cloath'd only in a rude, unpolish'd skin,
 Could he a vain fantastic nymph have seen,
 In all her airs, in all her modern graces,
 Her various fashions and more various faces;
 How had it puzzled him, who late assign'd
 Just appellations to each several kind,
 A right idea of the fight to frame,
 To guess from what new element she came,
 To fix the wavering form, and give the *thing* a name?

On an ancient Gentlewoman who painted.

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
 Who, fair in nature's scorn,
 Blooms in the winter of her days,
 Like *Glastonbury* thorn.

If e'er impatient of the bliss
 Into her arms you fall,
 The plaister'd fair returns the kiss,
 Like *Thïsbe*, thro' a wall!

The Oracle.

A Nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd,
 The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd ;
 They came then to try, if his oracle knew
 E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.
 Apollo stood mute, and had almost been pos'd ;
 At length he thus sagely the question disclos'd :
 “ * He alone may be true, in whom none will confide ;
 “ And the nymph may be chaste—that has never been try'd.”

T H O U'lt fight, if any man call Phœbe wh—re ;
 That she is thine, what can proclaim it more !

** From a Pane of Glass † at the Swan in
 Birmingham.

A P O E T, late, of no ignoble fame,
 Call'd Mulciber the May'r of Birmingham
 The thought is just—For search the world around,
 What place so like mount Ætna can be found !
 Where sulph'rous flame in smoaky caverns roars,
 The men are blacksmiths, and their wives are wh—res.

** An Answer.

T H O' Garth had wit, than *polish'd steel* more bright,
 Thy dulness, scribler,'s equal to thy spite.
 Tho' smok obscur'd great Vulcan's blest abodes,
 Yet there was forg'd the armour of the Gods !
 Our men, tho' black, in *skill* like Vulcan are,
 Our wives, like Dian chaste, like Venus fair.

A.

† Where it has remained unmolested these thirty years—.

On

On the Death of Queen Mary, and of the
Marshal Luxemburgh.

BEHOLD, Dutch prince, here lie th' unconquer'd pair,
Who knew your strength in love, your strength in war.
Unequal match! from both no conquest gains,
No trophy of your love, or war, remains.

On the Alliance between Spain and Germany,
1726.

NEVER before did fate dispense
A friendship every way to meet;
Great *Charles's* hope is *Philip's* sense,
And *Philip's* trust is *Charles's* fleet.

Effectual Malice.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest,—and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancour, and true *Christian* spite:
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,——
Writes scoundrel verses,—and then says they're mine.

To a Person who wrote ill, and spoke worse of
the Author.

From Prior.

LIE Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf,
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee!
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself—
Then why should I answer, since first I must read thee.

Pursue me with satyr; what harm is there in't?

But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:

There can be no danger from what thou shalt print,

There may be a little from what thou shalt swear.

D

The

The Scribbler.

By the same.

WHILE, faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes,—
 His case appears to me, like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with by his legs.—
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
 Quicken his senses or restrain his hand:
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;—
 So may he cease to write—and learn to think.—

By Swift.

ARTHUR, they say, has wit; for what?
 For writing? No? for writing not.

From Buchanan.

THOU speak'st always ill of me,—
 I speak always well of thee;—
 But, spite of all our noise and pother,
 The world believes nor one, nor t'other.

On Sir Richard Blackmore's Job.

POOR *Job* lost all the comforts of his life,
 And hardly sav'd a potsherd and a wife.
 Yet *Job* blest'd God, and *Job* again was blest;
 His virtue was assay'd—and bore the test.
 But, had Heaven's wrath pour'd out its fiercest phial,
 Had he been *thus* burlesqu'd—without denial,
 The patient man had yielded to that trial:
 His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,
 Must have prevail'd—*Job* had blasphem'd and dy'd.

On the same.

THY satyr's harmless—'tis thy prose that kills,
 When thou prescrib'st thy potions and thy pills.—
 On

On the same.

I Charge thee, knight, in great Apollo's name,
If thou'rt not dead to all reproof or shame,
Either thy rhymes, or clysters, to disclaim.
Both are too much, our feeble brain to rack;
Besides, the bard will soon undo the quack;
Such shoals of readers thy damn'd fustian kills,
'Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills.

** On a wretched Psalm-singer.

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
And they translated David's psalms
To make the heart full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear *thee* sing—and *them* translate,
By Jove, 't had made him mad!

From Prior.

YES, every poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can shew it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

A Compliment to the Ladies.

WE men have many faults,
Poor women have but two:—
There's nothing good they say;
There's nothing good they do.

Woman's Resolution.

OH! cry'd Arsenia, long in wedlock blest,
Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
"Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
"What comfort could be found in widow'd life?

D 2

"How

"How the thought shakes me!—Heav'n my Strephon save,
 "Or give the lost *Arsenia* half his grave."
 Jove heard the lovely mourner and approv'd:
 "And should not wives, like this, (said he) be lov'd?
 "Take the soft mourner at her word, and try,
 "How deeply rooted woman's vows can lie."
 'Twas said and done—the tender Strephon dy'd;
Arsenia two long months—t'out-live him try'd;
 But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

The Modern Penitents.

WHEN Israel's daughters mourn'd their past of-
 fences,
 They dealt in sack-cloth, and turn'd cinder-wenches:
 The *Richmond* fair ones ne'er will spoil their locks:
 They use white powder, and wear Holland smocks.
 O beauteous church! where females think clean linnen
 As decent to repent in, as to sin in.

On an affected Old Maid.

LET age and envious time do what they will,
Cloe remains the same soft creature still,
 In her first coat, as when she romp'd and smil'd.
 A babe in years, at sixty still a child,

On a Fair Pedant.

TH O' *Artemisia* talks by fits,
 Of councils, fathers, classics, wits,
 Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*;

Yet in some things methinks she fails;—
 'Twere well if she would pair her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.—

Æneas,

Æneas and Creusa.

W H E N on his back, thro' hostile swords and fire,
 The Trojan hero bore his aged fire,
 Just Heav'n rewarded well the pious deed,
 Death seiz'd his wife — and the good man was freed.

The Scourge.

W H E N Pharaoh's sons provok'd th' Almighty's hand
 To pour his wrath upon the guilty land,—
 A tenfold plague the great avenger shed,—
 The king offended, and the nation bled.
 Hadst thou, unaided *Feria*, but been sent,
 Phial elect, for Pharaoh's punishment,
 Thro' what a various course the wretch had run!
 He more than Heaven's *ten* plagues had felt in *one*.

On an old Rake.

H O A R Y Apicius, like Sicilia's mount *,
 Tho' winter veils his venerable front,
 Tho' his grave head is cover'd o'er with snow,
 Yet labours with incessant fires below.

To a prudish Lady left alone with a Gentleman.

W H Y then that blush? Allay that needless fear;
 Mistaken maid! no ravisher is near.
 When thou art next in danger, ask thy glass,
 Would any forfeit heaven for *such* a face?
 Whoe'er attempts thy virtue to abuse,
 Offends without temptation or excuse;
 Whoe'er thy chastity would then molest,
 Shew 'em thy face, and that will guard the rest.

• Ætna.

D 3

Hardship

Hardship upon the Ladies, *or*, the Drudgeyr of Cards :

By Swift.

WHAT tho', fair nymphs, your business is to *play*,
'Tis hard you must be busy night and day.
Why should you want the privilege of men,
Not take some small diversion now and then !
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And, that they were not, I can see no cause)
The men should *drudge* at cards, from morn to night ;
And female *pleasure* be to *read* and *write*.

Bigots to Incredulity.

WHAT legions of fables, and whimsical tales,
Pass current for gospel, where priest-craft prevails !
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd,
What stories of goblins for truth they believ'd !
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are apt to suspect :
From believing too much, the right faith we *lost* fall ;
So now we believe—just nothing at all !—

The polite Casuists.

OUR fathers took oaths, as of old they did wives,
To have and to hold for the term of their lives :
But we take our oaths, like whores, for our ease,
And a whore and a rogue may part when they please.

The fatal Victory.

UNHAPPY *Chremes*, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer ;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injured still the more, the more he spoke :

At

At length, resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
 And guard his right, by statute and by law ;
 A suit in Chancery the wretch begun :
 Nine happy terms, thro' bill and answer, run,
 Obtain'd his cause,—had costs and—was undone.

}

On our imitating the French.

THE formal ape endeavours, all he can,
 With antic tricks to imitate a man ;
Parisian fops no less ambitious seem
 To have a face, an air, a tail like them.
 From whom our taste thus only disagrees,
 These mimic apes—and we but mimic these.

On a slender Collection for Charity at Bath.

SO little given at the church-door !—
 This people doubtless must be poor !
 So much at gaming thrown away !
 No nation, sure, so rich as they.—
 Britons, 'twere greatly for your glory,
 Should those, who shall transmit your story,
 Their notions of your grandeur frame,
 Not as you *give*—but as you *game*.

On the Busto's in Queen Caroline's Grotto:

By Dr. Swift.

LEWIS the living genius fed,
 And rais'd the scientific head :
 Our queen, more frugal of her meat,
 Raises those heads which cannot eat.

Answered.

O UR queen, more anxious to be just,
Than flatter'd, rears the living bust,
To those among the learned tribe,
Whom, Lewis-like, she cannot bribe.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present
of Books to Cambridge, by King George I,
1715.

T HE king, observing with judicious eyes,
'The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment ; for why ?
'That *learned* body wanted loyalty : —
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning,
How much that *loyal* body wanted learning.

The friendly Contest.

W HILE *Cam* and *Isis* their *sad* tribute bring
Of rival grief to weep their pious king,
The bards of *Isis* half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of *Cam* in pity wrote ;
From their learn'd brothers, they took off the curse,
And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse.

An honest Prejudice.

A Cambridge soph, just freed from band and gown,
Went to the sermon, with his friend in town.
The doctor, not a Sherlock, I suppose,
Soon lull'd his audience to a sweet repose.
When, now, the slumberous charm was at an end,
Up starts Cantab, and wakes his drowsy friend :

He

He rubb'd his eyes, and curs'd the stupid preacher,
And, pray, says he, d'you know this learned teacher;
No! cries the soph; but, 'ere the drone began,
I knew our fate—for he's an *Oxford man*.

Q.

To Cardinal *Richlieu*.

By *Monf. Maynard*.

SICK of a life, possess'd in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the ghost
Of our late monarch; in whose reign,
None, who had merit, miss'd a post.

Then will I charm him with your name,
And all your glorious wonders done;
The pow'r of *France*,—the *Spaniards* shame,
The rising honours of his son.

Grateful, the royal shade will smile,
And dwell, delighted, on your name;
Sweetly appeas'd, his griefs beguile,
And drown old losses in new fame.

But when he asks me, in what post
I did your wish'd commands obey,
And how I shared your favours most;
——What would you please to have me say?

N. B. To this the cardinal answer'd—"Nothing.—"

On the Barrenness of the Highlands.

From *Cleveland*.

HAD Cain been *Scot**, God had revers'd his doom;
Not forc'd to wander, but confin'd at home.

* The popularity of this epigram is a striking instance of the honest prejudice of a true Englishman, in favour of his own country.

** By the same—1630.

LORD, what a goodly thing is want of shirts!
How a Scotch stomach, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food and raiment, so they took
Religion for their sempstress and their cook.

To Lord ———:

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate,
While, by your humble self alone,
You seem'd unrated and unknown.

But now on Fortune's swelling tide
High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
Of grandeur vain, and fond of self;
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

Ch—ch—ll dissected:

Written in August, 1764.

AMAN, without one feeling for his kind;
Without one seed of goodness in his mind:
Intent, on all he hates, to pour his rage,
Respecting neither merit, rank, nor age:
His characters to his own manners suits;
A bear, exhibiting a shew of brutes:
But deviates still from satyr's *moral* plan;
He makes a monster whom God made a man:
And, while by slanders foul he courts applause,
Appears the very villain that he draws.



A

COLLECTION

OF

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK III.

AMOROUS.

From the Greek :

By Dr. Swift.

TWO goddesses now must *Cyprus* adore ;
The muses are ten, the graces are four :
Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face,
She shines a new *Venus*, a *musè*, and a *grace*.

From the Greek.

NO colours, laid by pencil on,
Can match her eye, her skin, her hair !
Who paints the splendor of the sun,
May paint the beauty of the fair !

D 6

From

From the Greek.

IF youth and beauty fade, my dear,
 Impart them wisely, whilst you may :—
 If still they last, why should you fear
 To give what none can *give* away.

The Greek paraphrased.

IF the quick spirit, Delia, in your eye,
 'Ere long will languish, and must one day die ;
 If every beauty, every youthful grace,
 Must surely fly from that forsaken face ;
 Then let us, lovely charmer, reap our joys,
 'Ere cruel time such goodly fruit destroys.

But, if those jetty locks must ever grow,
 Nor e'er be whiten'd o'er with age's snow ;
 If those bright suns, thy eyes, must know no shade,
 And thy now blooming beauties never fade ;
 Then scruple not, my Delia, to bestow
 What, freely gather'd, shall as freely grow.

Thus, nymph, whate'er the effects of time may prove,
 They furnish motives strong for present love.

From

From the Latin of Aufonius,

Epig. 105.

LONG did great *Jove* the weighty point debate,
 Whether a nymph or goddess to create :
 Irresolute, he cry'd, " What must be done ?—
 We'll form a nymph and goddess both in one :
 " But, from what pattern, of celestial race,
 " The features of her heav'nly part to trace ?
 " Shall lovely *Venus* to the picture sit ?
 " Or *Pallas* lend her air and sprightly wit ?"
 Still unresolv'd, thus to the lovely maid,
 As bright she rose, " Be both at once," he said :
 Hence both, in thy lov'd composition, meet,
 As *Pallas* graceful, and as *Venus* sweet.

From Aufonius :

By Mr. Prior.

VENUS, take my votive glass !
 Since I am not what I was ;
 What from this day I shall be,
 Venus, let me never see !

From Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 16.

By Mr. M—lm—th.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
 And gave the deathful weapon to her lord ;
 My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
 But thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

Lib.

Lib. i. Ep. 58.

YOU ask me, my friend, what lass I'd enjoy ;
 I'd have one that is neither too coming—nor coy ;
 A medium is best ; that gives us no pain
 By too much indulgence—nor too much disdain.

From Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 69.

LET *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk ;—
 Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk :—
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute ;
 Still he must talk of *Nævia*, or be mute.
 He wrote to his father ending with this line :
 “ I am, my lovely *Nævia* ! ever thine.”—

Lib. vi. Ep. 34.

By Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

COME, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter sure never girl gave ;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then, prithee, my charmer, be kind ;
 For, while I love thee above measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing ;
 Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields ;
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying ;
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields.

Go number the stars in the heaven ;
 Count how many sands on the shore ;
 When so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee ;
 To a heart which, dear Cloe, is thine :
 With my arms I'll for ever infold thee,
 And twist round thy limbs, like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is !
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses,
 With few will be ever content.

The Je ne sçay quoi :

By Mr. M. Whitehead.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And *Cælia* has undone me ;
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel :
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common :
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm,—
 'Twas both perhaps—or neither :
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of *Cælia* altogether.

**** Conjugal Love.**

To Mrs. S——

WHY, *Cælia*, should the dazzling fire
 Of fierce, insatiate desire,
 Glow on each poet's tongue—?

While

While every swain in every grove
 To luckless or to lawless love
 Still tunes the amorous song.

And shall not *Joy confirm'd*, the best,
 The gayest inmate of the breast,
 Awake one poet's lute?
 Shall airy *Hope* exalt his strain,
Despair in dying notes complain,
 Yet *Gratitude* be mute?

A wiser and more virtuous rule,
 In nature's uncorrupted school,
 The feather'd songsters learn:
 The lark, the nightingale, and thrush,
 All fluttering chirp from bush to bush,

When first with love they burn:
 But when they've form'd the genial nest,
 Each of his constant mate possess,
 Their joys then know no bounds:
 Music expands their little throats,
 And, with the wild, ecstatic notes,
 Hills, dales, and woods resound.

** By Mr. Addison.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
 Ner e'er would settle in my heart;
 From beauty still to beauty ranging,
 In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
 An eye then gave the fatal stroke:
 Till by her wit *Corinna* sav'd me,
 And all my former fetters broke.

But

But now a long and lasting anguish
 For Belvidera I endure;
 Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,
 Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false, inconstant lover,
 After a thousand beauties shown,
 Does new, surprising charms discover,
 And finds—*variety* in *One*.

On a Lady's Girdle:

By Waller.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd
 Shall now my joyful temples bind;
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest *sphere*,
 The pale which held that lovely *deer*;
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Under a Lady's Picture:

By the same.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the boy,
 That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
 But, had like virtue shone in that fair Greek,
 The am'rous shepherd had not dar'd to seek
 Or hope for pity; but, with silent moan,
 And better fate, had perished alone.

•• To

** To. Mrs. W— on her putting Orange-flowers in her Bosom—

In the Style of Waller—

GO, lovely flower, in all thy pride,
To that fair bosom go!

There thou thy snowy blossoms hide,
In whiter drifts of snow.

Yet, *warmer* than thy native clime,
Thou'lt find that seat of love!

Matur'd to fruit before thy time,
As in the genial stove.

Ah! no, with fragrant sweets oppress'd,
You there entranc'd shall lie:
And like her swain, supremely blest,
In ecstacies must die!

Love-Tears.

BOAST not thy golden show'r, great *Jove*! Behold,
Cupid descends in show'rs more rich than gold!

To a Painter, drawing a Lady's Picture.

THE *wretch that *Jove's* artillery feign'd so well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell;
How then dar'st thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye?
Painter, desist! or soon th' event will prove,
That *Love's* as jealous of his arms as *Jove*.

To a Lady, playing on the Lute.

TO burning *Rome* when frantic *Nero* play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd

* Salmoneus.

The raging flames; but, struck with strange surprise,
 Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes :
 But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
 His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd :
 Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
 And from destruction call'd the rising town :
 Malice to music had been forc'd to yield ;
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou couldst build.

To a Lady stung by a Bee.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
 Upon my *Delia's* face,
 Its honey to the part she laid,
 And bade me kiss the place :

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and, from the wound,
 Suck'd both the sweet and smart ;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

On being expell'd a Lady's Company.

THUS *Adam* look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
 And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n :
 Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth ;
 Like him I go, for *angels* drive us both.
 Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind ;
 His *Eve* went with him, but mine stays behind.

The Modest Swain.

WHEN first I gaz'd on *Cloe's* face,
 And saw each killing eye,
 I thought 'twas heav'n—and so it was,
 But not for such as I.

By

By Mr. N—g—nt.

THO' chearful, discreet, and with freedom well-bred,
 She never repented an idle word said :
 Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
 They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

Written in a Lady's *Sherlock* upon Death :

By Lord Ch—rf—ld.

MISTAKEN fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
 His doctrine is deceiving ;
 For, whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master ;
 Then let us only study now,
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be bless'd,
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But, if thus bless'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny ;
 To me at least your *Sherlock* give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

To a Lady with a new Watch :

By Lord L——.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
 Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time by joy succeeding joy.

But

But when the cares, that interrupt our bliss,
 To me not always will thy sight allow;
 Then oft, with kind impatience, look on this,
 Then ev'ry minute count—as I do now.

By the same.

NONE, without hope, e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
 But love can hope where reason would despair.

Constancy.

TRUE constancy no time, no pow'r can move;
 He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

The Folly of Love.

DID love, like agues, ever intermit,
 How should we blush, in absence of the fit!

Jealousy.

THE shaken tree grows faster at the root;
 And love grows firmer for some blasts of doubt.

On a Fan:

By Dr. Atterbury—in his Youth.

FLAVIA the least and flightest toy
 Can with resistless art employ.
 This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
 An engine of small force in love;
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motion so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame.

On a Handkerchief worked by Mrs. —

By Lord Landsdown.

WHEN Myra casts around her conquering eyes,
A thousand victims fall a sacrifice.
No bounds her charms acknowledge, but her will;
And where'soe'er she darts a look can kill,
Why should she then new artifices find,
T'extend her pow'r, and vanquish human kind?
Cannot the pointed rays, shot from her eyes,
Her graceful person, and her air suffice?
But she must triumph in acquir'd art,
And turn her very needle to a dart.

By the same.

CLOE, now married, looks at men no more:
Why then, 'tis plain, for what she look'd before.

A Patch upon a Lady's Face.

THAT artful speck upon her face
Had been a foil on one less fair;
In her it hides a wounding grace,
And she, in mercy, plac'd it there.

*** To Chloe; on her wearing patches.*

THE wrinkled *Flavia* patches wears,
To hide the furrow'd trace of years.
With patches, pimple *Phyllis* covers
Her imperfections from her lovers.
But, why, ah! why should they disgrace
And hide so much of *Chloe's* face?
Where each a Cupid must disarm,
And each conceal a native charm.
Fye! *Chloe*; all these arts despise;
Distrust not those all-conquering eyes:

No more thy angel beauty shroud;
But shine, like heaven,—without a cloud.

Written in a Lady's Pocket-Book.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast?
As I, from that, all former marks efface,
And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the room impart!
But, ah! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

CLOE's the wonder of her sex:
'Tis well her heart is tender,
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her?

But nature, graciously inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but please us,
Has, to her boundless beauty, join'd
A boundless will to ease us.

To Cloe weeping:

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee:
The chearful birds no longer sing,
Each droops his head, and hangs his wing:
The clouds have bent their bosoms low'r,
And shed their sorrows in a show'r;
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares,
They learn thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that *grief* should move
Thy heart obdurate against *love*:
Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

On a Lady with fine Eyes and a bad Voice.

LUCETTA's charms our hearts surprise,
At once, with love and wonder :
She bears Jove's *lightning* in her eyes,
But in her voice his *thunder*.—

To Mira at a Review :

By Lord Lansdown.

LET meaner beauties conquer singly still,
But haughty Mira will by thousands kill ;
Through well-arm'd ranks triumphantly she drives,
And with one glance commands a thousand lives :
The trembling heroes nor resist nor fly,
But at the head of all their squadrons die.

Inscription under a Statue of Cupid :

By the same.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and master see ;
Thou *was't* my slave, thou *art*, or thou *shalt* be.

On Women :

By the same.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd ; we play
A round or two ; when us'd, we throw away :—
Take a fresh pack ; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving—

The Relief :

By the same.

OF two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair : I urge, be kind.
Flavia, be kind ; the remedy's as sure :
'Tis the most pleasant and the quickest cure.

To a Lady on her Parrot.

WHEN nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
 The gods disguis'd were never known to fail.
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd *Jove*
 Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love :
 There's no celestial, but his heav'n would quit
 For any form, which might to you admit.
 See! how the wanton bird, at every glance,
 Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance ;
 The queen of beauty has forsook the dove,
 Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

On a Lady viewing herself in a Stream.

BEHOLD these waves ! ah, never at a stay !
 How swift their course, how soon they glide away !
 Each virgin's envy now, and lover's theme,
 Thy beauties, *Myra*, are that fleeting stream.
 Each, after each, how soon shall they retire ?
 Thy cheek resign its bloom, thine eye its fire ?
Myra, be lost, new wonders to supply,
 That other *Myra's* may be born—to die.

To an angry Rival.

'TIS not the fear of death or smart
 Makes me averse to fight ;
 But to preserve a tender heart,
 Not mine, but *Cælia's* right.
 Then let your fury be suppress'd,
 Not me, but *Cælia* spare ;
 Your sword is welcome to my breast,
 When *Cælia* is not there.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please ;
 Forgive a wond'ring youth's desire :
 Those charms, those virtues, when he sees,
 How can he see, and not admire ?

E

While

While each the other still improves,
 The fairest face, the fairest mind ;
 Sure all must grant, " not he that loves,
 But he that loves you not, is blind."

The charitable Fair-one.

BELINDA has such wond'rous charms,
 'Tis heaven to lie within her arms :
 And she's so charitably given,
 She wishes all mankind in heaven.

The Beauty of Innocence.

POOOR *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
 If I but ask the favour ;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.
 Would I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her ;
 Would she could make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.

On a Lady's Picture.

THE poet and the painter safely dare
 To form an image of the proudest fair :
 Your brighter charms, by lavish nature wrought,
 Transcend the painter's skill, the poet's thought.

To Julia throwing a Snow-Ball.

YOUNG wanton *Julia* flung the gather'd snow,
 Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow :
 'Tis cold, I cried, but ah ! too soon I found,
 Sent by that hand, it dealt a scorching wound.
 Resistless fair ! we fly thy power in vain,
 Who turn't to fiery darts the frozen rain.

Burn,

Burn, *Julia*, burn like me; and that desire,
With water which thou kindlest, quench *with fire*.*

The Amorous Contest.

MY love and I for kisses play'd;
She would keep stakes; I was content:
But, when I won, she would be paid;
I, angry, ask'd her, what she meant?
Nay, since, says she, you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my kisses back; take yours again!

Written on a Window, under a Vow against
Matrimony.

THE Lady who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, to shew it *might* be broke.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

IF *Cloe* but wear it, a feather's a charm;
Ah! who can be safe, when such weapons can harm?
Since first I beheld it, what a life have I led?
All joy and content with that feather are fled.
Fly, youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art;
And, warn'd by the feather, beware of the dart.

On Mrs. Dunch.

By Mr. Walsh.

OH! Dunch if fewer with thy charms are fir'd,
Than when by Godfrey's name thou wast admir'd;
'Tis not that marriage makes thee seem less fair,
But then we *hop'd*, and now we must *despair*!

* This kind of mix'd wit was much in vogue in the last age—But is now so well understood, that young people need not be caution'd against a wrong-plac'd admiration.

On the Duchess of St. Alban's.—

By Lord Halifax.

THE line of *Vere*, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms:
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete,
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

On Lady Harriot Godolphin.

GODOLPHIN's easy and unpractis'd air
Gains without art, and governs without care;
Her conquering race with various fate surprise,
Who 'scape *their* arms, are captives to *her* eyes.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the *sun* begins to rise!
Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
From *his* bright beams, than *her* fair eyes.
With light united day they give:
But different fates, 'ere night, fulfill:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coolness kill!—

Written in a Lady's Milton.

SEE here, how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone!
Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
As *Milton* wrote; and, such as yours, her look;
Yours, the best copy of that perfect face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race.
Such charms no author could escape but he;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see!

From the French.

I Die with sadness, if the blushing fair
These eyes adore, rejects her lover's pray'r;

I die

I die with transport if her gentle ear
 Is pleas'd her lover's soft complaint to hear.
 How can a wretch ev'n hope his fate to shun,
 Both by her rigour and her smiles undone?
 Each way I look, I view my ruin sure,
 Fall by the wound, or perish by the cure.

On a Fan :

*In which the Story of Cephalus and Procris was painted,
 with the Motto, " Aura veni."*

COME, gentle air, th' *Æolian* shepherd said,
 While *Procris* panted in the secret shade.
 Come, gentle air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play:
 In *Delia's* hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.
 Both gifts destructive to the giver prove;
 Alike both lovers fall, by those they love.
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives;
 At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:
 She views the story with attentive eyes,
 And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

By Mr. N—g—t.

I Lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
 And plighted an eternal vow:
 So alter'd are thy face and mind,
 'Twere *perjury* to love thee now.

By Lord Lyttl—n.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move,
 Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest!
 The jealous doubt, the tender care
 That rack the amorous breast?
 Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain;
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

By Mr. N—g—t.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
 I thought I could not live without you:
 Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
 How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

By the same.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
 When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
 Can the poor pride of giving pain
 Repay the joys that wait the kind?
 I curse my fond enduring heart,
 Which scorn'd presumes not to be free;
 Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
 To hate myself and burn for thee.

By the same.

LOVELY shines thy wedded fair,
 Gentle as the yielding air:
 Chearing as the solar beam;
 Soothing as the fountain-stream.
 Why then, jealous husband, rail?
 All may breathe the ambient gale,
 Bask in heaven's diffusive ray,
 Drink the streams that pass away.

All may share unlesſening joy,
Why then, jealous, peeviſh boy?
Water, air, and light confine,
'Ere thou think'ſt her only thine.

Written in Silvia's Prior:

By D. G.

U N T O U C H ' D by love, unmov'd by wit,
I found no charms in Matthew's lyre;
But unconcern'd read all he writ,
Tho' love and Phœbus did inſpire.
Till Sylvia took her favourite's part,
Reſolv'd to prove my judgment wrong—
Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,
And ſoon I felt the poet's ſong.

On a Lady's Embroidery.—By the ſame.

A R A C H N E once, as poets tell,
A goddeſs at her art deſied;
But ſoon the daring mortal fell
The hapleſs victim of her pride.
Oh! thou beware *Arachne's* fate;
Be prudent, Cloe, and ſubmit,
For you'll more ſurely feel her hate,
Who rival both her art and wit.

To Lady H——y:

By Voltaire.

H — Y, would you know the paſſion
You have kindled in my breaſt,
Trifling is the inclination,
That by words can be expreſs'd.
In my ſilence ſee the lover,
True love is by ſilence known;
In my eyes you'll beſt diſcover
All the power of your own.

The Rattle.

KITTY's charming *voice* and face,
 Syren-like, first caught my fancy ;
 Wit and humour next take place,
 And now I doat on sprightly *Nancy*.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
 With airs most languishing and dying ;
 Calls me false ungrateful swain,
 And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy, with resistless art,
 Always humourous, gay, and witty,
 Has *talk'd* herself into my heart,
 And quite excluded *tuneful Kitty*.

Ah! *Kitty*, Love, a wanton boy,
 Now pleas'd with song and now with prattle,
 Still longing for the newest toy,
 Has chang'd his whistle for a *rattle*.

Left upon a Young Lady's Toilette.

SOFT god of sleep, when next you steal,
 To charming *Cælia's* eyes,
 To the dear maid in dreams reveal,
 Who 'tis that for her dies.

But, should the fair one be displeas'd,
 At the unwelcome theme,
 Fly her, and let her heart be eas'd
 By finding it a *dream*.

To a young Lady with a Pair of Gloves, on
 Valentine's Day, *said to be by Dr. B——y*.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
 The champion sends his foe a glove ;
 But I that have a double share
 Of th' softer passion—send a pair.
 Nor think it, dearest *Delia*, cruel
 That I invite you to a duel.

Ready

Ready to meet you face to face,
 At any time, in any place :
 Nor shall I leave you in the lurch,
 Tho' you should dare to fix the church.
 There come equipp'd with all your charms,
 A ring and licence are my arms.
 I will th' unequal contest try,
 Resolv'd to fight, tho' sure to die.

To a Lady playing at Quadrille.

THREE Goddesses of old, on Ida's hill,
 Sat with young *Paris*, playing at quadrille :
 The shepherd held the hand ; but whom to call,
 That was the doubt ; contention's fatal ball !
 Diamonds proud monarch Juno wav'd on high,
 Emblem of wealth, and pow'r, and majesty.
 But *Pallas*, hoping to inspire the youth,
 With love of virtue, and a zeal for truth,
 Shew'd him the majesty of spades, thereby
 Inviting him to toil and industry ;
 Whilst *Venus*, practising her usual arts,
 Glanc'd at him, thrice, the majesty of hearts.
 But oh ! if you, Belinda, had been there,
 Adorn'd with such a face, with such an air !—
 So much good sense with so much beauty join'd,
 So fair a face enrich'd with such a mind,
 Would soon have fix'd his choice : In you we see
 All the perfections of each deity.
 There are no charms, but what your presence brings,
 And, play who will, yet you *bold* all the kings !

** On Miss Fanny Careless.

CARELESS by name, and *Careless* by nature ;
Careless of shape, and *Careless* of feature.
Careless in dress, and *Careless* in air ;
Careless of riding in coach or in chair.

Careless of love, and *Careless* of hate ;
Careless if crooked, and *Careless* if strait :
Careless at table, and *Careless* in bed ;
Careless if maiden, and *Careless* if wed.
Careless at church, and *Careless* at play ;
Careless if company go, or they stay.
E'en *Careless* at tea, not minding chit-chat ;
So *Careless* ! she's *Careless* for this or for that.
Careless of all love or wit can propose ;
She's *Careless*—so *Careless*—there's nobody knows.

Oh ! how could I love thee, thou dear *Careless* thing !
(O happy, thrice happy !—I'd envy no King !)
Were you careful for once to return me your love,
I car'd not how *Careless* to others you prove.
I then should be *Careless* how *Careless* you were ;
And the more *Careless* you, still the less I should care.



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK IV.

MORAL.

From the Greek of Solon.

SOME wicked men are rich, some good men poor;
Yet I'd not change my virtue for their store.
Virtue's a sure possession, firm as fate,
While wealth now flies to this man, now to that.

On the Gout.

FROM Love and Bacchus, nerve-relaxing,
Too frequently, no doubt,
Is born that other hopeful offspring
The nerve-relaxing gout.

E 6

Q.

Against

Against Life.

From the Greek of Posidippus.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
 Can mortals chuse thro' human life?
 Attend the courts, attend the bar—
 There discord reigns, and endless jar:
 At home the weary wretches find
 Severe disquietude of mind:
 To till the fields gives toil and pain;
 Eternal terrors sweep the main:
 If rich, we fear to lose our store;
 Need and distress await the poor:
 Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
 Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarry'd live:
 Are children born? we anxious groan;
 Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
 Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
 Weakness and wants depress old-age.
 Would fate then with my wish comply,
 I'd never live, or quickly die.

F. F.

For Life:

From the Greek of Metrodorus.

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by strife,
 Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
 Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
 And peace concludes the wordy war:
 At home auspicious mortals find
 Serene tranquillity of mind:
 All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
 And merchants plow for gold the main:
 Respect arises from our store;
 Security from being poor:

More

More joys the bands of Hymen give ;
 Th' unmarried with more freedom live :
 If parents, our blest'd lot we own ;
 Childless, we have no cause to moan :
 Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage ;
 And venerable hairs old-age.
 Since all is good, then who would cry,
 " I'd never live, or quickly die?"

F. F.

Lucian's Greek Epigram,

*Inscribed on a Column erected in a Piece of Land, that had
 been often bought and sold.*

Imitated.

I, Whom thou se'st begirt with tow'ring oaks,
 Was once the property of John o'Nokes ;
 On him prosperity no longer smiles,
 And now I feed the flocks of John o'Stiles.
 My former master call'd me by his name ;
 My present owner fondly does the same :
 While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
 Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs.
 Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
 For, Fortune ! Fortune ! I am thine alone.

C. S.

From the Greek :

By Prior.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful fire :
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
 He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
 To all the brethren at the *Bell and Vine* *,
 The moral says, " Mix water with your wine."

* A noted tavern.

Solon's

Solon's septennial Division of Time.

THE *seven* first years of life, man's break of day,
 Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display :
 When *fourteen* springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
 His soft and bashful meanings learn to speak :
 From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date ;
 Yet is not strength complete till *twenty-eight* :
 Thence, to his *five-and-thirtieth*, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire :
 At *forty-two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care :
 With *forty-nine* behold his toils increase,
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace :
 At *fifty-six* cool reason reigns intire,
 Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire :
 But *sixty-three* unbends the body's strength,
 'Ere th' unwearied mind has run her length :
 And when, from *seventy*, age surveys her last,
 Tir'd, she stops short, and wishes all were past.

From the LATIN.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 16.

By Mr. Hay.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
 A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends ;
 Remember you are now almost threescore ;
 Few days of life remain, if any more :
 Defer not what no future time insures,
 And only what is past, esteem that your's.
 Successive cares and trouble for you stay,
 Pleasure not so ; it nimbly fleets away ;
 Then seize it fast ; embrace it 'ere it flies ;
 In the embrace it vanishes and dies.

“ I’ll live to-morrow,” will a wise man say ?
To-morrow is too late ;—then live to-day.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 3.

WHY dost thou come, great censor of the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage ?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What, in the name of goodness, dost thou here ?
See the mix’d croud, how giddy, lewd, and vain !
Dost thou come in but to go out again ?

Lib. i. Epig. 56.

SINCE you, whom all the world admires,
Would know what your poor friend desires ;
Some little spot of earth he prays,
To pass *incognito* his days.
Who’d bear the noisy pomp of state,
Or croud of clients at his gate,
That might, in his own fields and wood,
Find his diversion and his food ?
His ponds with various fishes stor’d ;
The bees for him their honey hoard :
A nut-brown lass, both kind and neat,
To make his bed and dress his meat.
He that hates me, or like’s not this,
May he ne’er taste so sweet a bliss ;
But, fool’d by riches and renown,
Still stay behind and rot in town.

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 80.

By Mr. Hay.

HIMSELF he flew, when he the foe would fly ;
What madness this—for fear of death to die ?

Lib.

Lib. v. Ep. 42.

THIEVES may break locks, and with your cash retire;
 Your ancient seat may be consum'd by fire:
 Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe;
 Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow:
 You may be plunder'd by a jilting whore;
 Your ships may sink at sea, with all their store:
 Who gives to friends, so much from fate secures;
 That is the only wealth for ever your's.

Ep. 52.

YOUR favours to me I remember well,
 But do not mention them—because *you* tell:
 Whenever I begin, I'm answer'd strait,
 “I heard, from his own mouth, what you relate.”
 Two ill become the business but of one;
 Be you but silent, I will speak alone.
 Great are your gifts; but, when proclaim'd around,
 The obligation dies upon the sound.

Lib. vi. Ep. 25.

THOU true descendant of a worthy sire,
 Whom in the field the Russian troops admire;
 Take the advice your friend at home thinks best,
 And keep it like the military chest.
 Let not your eager valour make you run
 On a pike's point, or mouth of a great gun:
 Thick skulls are best against a sabre; you
 May guard your country, and may grace it too.

To the Dean of L——d,

*On his observing that the Men of this Age are averse to
Matrimony:*

By a young Lady.

YOU tell us, with a serious air,
What we without a sigh can hear:
You say your sex no longer deign
To pay their vows at Hymen's fane;
E'en let them take their final leave,
For little cause have *we* to grieve:
What does our sex by marriage gain?
A plenteous share of care and pain.
Soon as we give our hand away,
And utter that dread word *obey*,
Fair freedom instant takes its flight;
We bid adieu to each delight:
For, tho' we chance to wed a fool,
As husband, he'll expect to rule;
Will think he's sense enough to guide;
For all men have their share of pride.—
Good-nature and good sense are seen
But seldom to unite in men:
In some, I own, some few they join;
In thee conspicuously they shine!
But, of mankind, how small a part
Possess so good, so great a heart!
The nymph who in love's lott'ry tries,
Stands a poor chance—to gain a prize;
The best when got, alas how small!
Though for that prize we hazard all.

** On a Statue of Diana Bathing—

Placed in a Grove—

By Dr. H——n of Bath.

SWEET Solitude! fair Virtue's safe repose,
Thou sober fount, whence Contemplation flows!
Immersion blest! whose kindly streams dispense
The soul's ablution from the taint of sense;
Adown thy current Truth comes best refin'd,
And Folly leaves all impotence of mind.
This, the fair emblem of such health, we gain,
So chaste, so pure from intellectual stain;
With new-born vigour from these depths we rise,
Nor leave one ling'ring thought beneath the skies.

** By Dr. Doddridge.

Alluding to his Motto, "Dum vivimus, vivamus."

"LIVE, while you live," the Epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
"Live while you live," the sacred Preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in *my* views let both united be;
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.

To a young Lady, on her Birth-Day, being
the First of April.

LET others write with vain designs,
I seek some moral in my lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair;
Permit me then, with friendly lay,
To moralise your *April*-day.

Checquer'd,

Checquer'd, your natal month appears,
 With sunny gleams and cloudy tears ;
 'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
 Its frowns as transient as its smiles ;
 Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
 For life is but an *April-day*.

Health will not always last in bloom,
 But age or sickness surely come ;
 Are friends belov'd ? why fate must seize
 Or these from you, or you from these :
 Forget not, earnest in your play,
 For youth is but an *April-day*.

When piety and fortune move
 Your heart to try the bands of love,
 As far as duty gives you pow'r,
 Guiltless, enjoy the present hour :
 Gather your rose-buds while you may,
 For love is but an *April-day*.

From Prior.

BLESS'D be the princes who have fought
 For pompous names or wide dominion ;
 Since, by their error, we are taught,
 That happiness is but opinion.

The Wish :

By Mr. Merrick.

MAY I, through life's uncertain tide,
 Be still from pain exempt ;
 May all my wants be still supply'd ;
 My state too low t'admit of pride,
 And yet above contempt.

But,

But, should your providence divine
 A greater bliss intend ;
 May all these blessings you design,
 If e'er those blessings shall be mine,
 Be center'd in a friend !

Fortune :

By Lord Lansdown.

WHEN Fortune seems to smile, 'tis then I fear
 Some lurking ill, some hidden mischief near :
 Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
 And, arm'd in virtue, keep my soul prepar'd.
 Fickle and false to others she may be ;
 I can complain but of her *constancy*.

To a young Lady—on her breaking a Glass :

By her Brother.

SEE, sister, in this shatter'd glass,
 The fate of many a pretty lass !
 Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,
 Is apt to slip, is apt to break ;
 Guard, therefore, ev'ry step with caution,
 For frail as glass is reputation :
 Both broke to peices in once falling,
 For ever lost, and past recalling.

True Riches.

RICHES chance may take or give ;
 Beauty lives a day, and dies ;
 Honour lulls us while we live ;
 Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is then nothing worth our care ?
 Time, and chance, and death our foes ;
 If our joys so fleeting are,
 Are we only ty'd to woes ?

Let bright Virtue answer No ;
 Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
 When honours, riches, cease to flow,
 And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

The Old Gentry :

From Swift.

THAT all from Adam first begun
 Sure none, but Whiston, doubts ;
 And that his son, and his son's son,
 Were plowmen, clowns, and louts.—

Here lies the only diff'rence now,
 Some shot off late, some soon ;
 Your fires in the morning left off plough,
 And ours in th' afternoon.

The Revenge of America :

By Mr. Warton.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
 Old India's awful genius rose :
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
 And heard a thousand nations groan ;
 For grief his feathery crown he tore,
 To see huge *Plata* foam with gore ;
 He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
 To view his cities smoking round.

What

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
 O'er my poor country widely roll'd !
 Plund'ers proceed ! my bowels tear,
 But ye shall meet destruction there ;
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
 Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice ;
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity !
 I see all Europe's children curst
 With lucre's universal thirst :
 The rage that sweeps my sons away
 My baneful gold shall well repay.

Love and Jealousy.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
 By jealous fears, to keep our flames alive !
 Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
 Will faintlier burn ; but then it longer lasts :
 Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
 The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

On a married State.

THE bed unchaste, the harlot's eye,
 A-while their captives may allure ;
 Beauty, and guiltless love, supply
 A passion always to endure.

Where hearts, by virtue warm'd, unite,
 Fate throws its angry shafts in vain ;
 This doubles ev'ry soft delight,
 And lessens ev'ry woe and pain.

Apology for Wedlock.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd ;
 A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud :

How can a marriage-state then be accurs'd,
 Since the last day's as happy as the first *?

The Lady's Wish.

IF it be true, celestial pow'rs,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet, in all my vainest hours,
 My mind has been my care :

Then, in return, I beg this grace,
 As you were ever kind ;
 What envious time takes from my face
 Bestow upon my mind.

By Mr. Earl.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
 Do various hearts surprize ;
 In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;
 Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair face,
 Thy beauty's only store ;
 Thy charms will ev'ry day decrease ;
 Each day give Stella more.

* A quibble.

The

The Game of Life.

WHO has the better game, still fears the end ;
 Who has the worse, still hopes his game will mend.

From Prior.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty ! says baron *le Gras*,
 Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass ;
 And scarcely had he spoke it,
 When she, more confus'd as more angry she grew,
 By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true ;
 She dropp'd the eye and broke it.

On a Shadow.

THE sun now clear, serene the golden skies,
 Where'er you go, as fast the shadow flies ;
 A cloud succeeds, the sun-shine now is o'er,
 The fleeting phantom, fled, is seen no more :
 With your bright day its progress too does end ;
 See here, vain man ! the picture of your friend.

The Mirror.

WHEN I revolve this evanescent state,
 How fleeting is its form, how short its date !
 My being and my stay dependent still,
 Not on my own, but on another's will ;
 I ask myself, as I my image view,
 Which is the real shadow of the two ?

On Love.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
 By ignorance, by expectation fed ;
 Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,
 Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

The Deformity of Vice.

WOULD thou hadst beauty less, or virtue more;
For nothing's uglier than a pretty whore.

The Lady's Resolve.

WHILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud;
Fond of a train, and happy in a croud:
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance;
Each conquest owing to some loose advance:
Whilst vain coquettes affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;--
In part she is to blame who has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

The Bride.

WHEN the chaste lamb is from her sisters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head,
The gazing flock, all envious at her pride,
Behold her skipping at the priestess' side;
Each hopes the flow'ry wreath, with longing eyes,
While she alas! is led to sacrifice:
Thus walks the bride, in all her state array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtless maid.

What is Thought?

THE hermit's solace in his cell;
The fire that warms the poet's brain;
The lover's heaven, or his hell;
The mad-man's sport, the wise-man's pain.

On Fear:

From Sir Thomas More.

IF evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And, if they do, fear but augments the pain.

Neighbours!

TALK, as you please, of *Turk* and *Pope* but I—
Still find my neighbour my worst enemy.

Mutual Pity.

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree:
So diff'rent is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me—
While I could cry for him.

Superstition.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor. LUCRET.

THIS fav'rite maxim modern atheists boast,
"That *fear* first form'd the gods, tremendous host;"
But let them say, the knotty point to clear,
If *fear* made gods, who made almighty *fear*?

The Stage of Life.

OUR life's a journey in a winter's day;
Some only *break* their *fast*, and so away;
Others stay *dinner*, and depart full-fed,
The deepest age but *supps* and goes to bed:

He

He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

True Riches.

IRUS, tho' wanting gold and lands,
Lives chearful, easy, and content;—
Corvus unblest'd, with twenty hands
Employ'd to count his yearly rent.
Sages of *Lombard*! tell me which
Of these you think possesses more?
One, with his poverty, is rich;
And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

Universal Complaisance.

THRO' servile flattery thou dost all commend—
Who cares to please, whom no man can offend?

The Cure of Ambition.

TO curb th' ambitious, parsons preach,
And stories poets feign;
But what these frame, and what they teach,
Is all, alas! in vain.
One remedy is yet in store,
Which may the mad-men save;
Tell 'em that *Brunswic* is no more,
And shew them *William's* grave.

The Emperor Hadrian to his departing Soul:

Imitated by Mr. Prior.

POOR, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou plume thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?

F 2

Thy

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
 Lies all neglected, all forgot ;
 And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

On the Death of a late Queen.

HOW soon frail royalty is o'er!
 That fame-deluded monarchs trust ;
 To-day their greatness we adore,
 To morrow trample on their dust !

How near oblivion to renown !
 The end of glory to its bloom !
 'The altar, where she took her crown,
 Close to the spot that boasts her tomb !

Thus state and majesty are lost,
 And death recruits its empty urns ;
 Thus the vain pomp, the mighty boast,
 To silence and the shade returns.

On Sir *Walter Raleigh*.

O ! Hadst thou serv'd the heroine all thy days ;
 Had Heav'n from storms of envy screen'd thy bays ;
 Hadst thou still flourish'd in a warlike reign,
 Thy sword had made a conquest like thy pen !
 But nought to such untimely fate could bring
 The valiant subject, but a tim'rous king.

On a Bee stifled in Honey.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
 See the bless'd, busy lab'rer fly ;
 When all that from her toil she gains,
 Is in the sweets she hoards to die.

'Tis

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
 With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy :
 If we taste wisely, they relieve ;
 But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

A Cure for the Evils of Life.

LORD! if our days be few, why do we spend
 And lavish them to such an evil end ?
 Or why, if they be evil, do we wrong
 Ourselves and thee, in wishing them so long ?
 Our days decrease, our evils still renew,
We make them evil, and *thou* mak'st them few.

On Self-conceit.

HA I L! charming pow'r of self-opinion !
 For none are slaves in thy dominion :
 Secure in thee, the mind's at ease ;
 The vain have only *one* to please.

Fruitless Toil.

WH O seeks to please all men each way,
 And not himself offend ;
 He may begin his work to-day,
 But *God* knows when he'll end.

The Poet's Fate.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for *Homer* dead,
 Thro' which the living *Homer* begg'd his bread.

Against poetical Studies :

From the Latin.

BOY, break thy reeds, and split thy useless pen,
 And follow sordid trade, with other men ;

Nay, tho' thou art for ev'ry trade unfit,
 Never, I charge thee, meddle more with wit;
 By common hawking thou a meal may'st buy,
 But not a bit of bread with poetry:
 For my mad muse no more to me affords,
 Than idle echoes to my tuneful words.

The Poet's Power.

From Swift—

TRUE poets can depress and raise,
 Are lords of infamy and praise;
 They are not scurrilous in satire,
 Nor will in panegyric flatter.

Unjustly poets we asperse;
 Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
 And all the fictions they pursue
 Do but insinuate what is true.

From Prior.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage
 In jumping round the rolling cage?
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,
 Striking a ring of bells a-top?—
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades:

In noble songs, and lofty odes,
 They tread on stars and talk with gods.
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleas'd with their own verse's sound;
 Brought back, how fast foe'er they go;
 Always aspiring, always low.

Written in an Inn, on Edge-hill.

By Mr. Shenstone.

WHOE'ER has travell'd life's dull round,
 Where'er his various tour has been,
 May sigh to think how oft he found
 His warmest welcome at an inn.

An Inscription on an Hermitage at Lord
 Westmoreland's.

BE NE A TH these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
 Truth, liberty, content, sequester'd dwell;
 Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?

Under the Statue of a Water-Nymph, at
 Stourhead, Somersetshire:

By Mr. Pope.—From the Latin.

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
 And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
 Ah spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,
 Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.

On his own Grotto:

By Mr. Pope.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent
 wave
 Shines a broad mirrour thro' the shadowy cave ;
 Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill ;
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow :
 Approach ! Great *nature* studiously behold !
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach ! but awful !—Lo th' Egerian grot',
 Where, nobly pensive, *St. John* sat and thought ;
 Where British sighs from dying *Wyndham* stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro' *Marchmont's* soul,
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

****** Written at Bath, by the late John, Earl of
 Corke, to a Friend ;

*Who desired him to amuse himself with Poetry—on the
 Death of his Father.*

NOR Bath nor Tunbridge can my lays inspire,
 Nor radiant beauty make me tune the lyre :
 Far from the busy world, I sit forlorn,
 And sigh in secret, and in silence mourn ;
 My bleeding anguish ne'er shall find an end ;
 I weep a father—but I've lost a friend.

****** Medi-

** Meditation on a Wheel-barrow—

By Dr. H—

D O O M'D to cross-roads unsafe, rough, deep,
 narrow,
 Fraught with life's cares, each mortal drags his barrow.
 On these alone our anxious thoughts we bend,
 Oft blunder on, and miss our journey's end.
 Some, deep in error, think they still move strait;
 Some backward go, and meet good H—'s fate *.
 To walk secure, ne'er let thy footsteps stray,
 Set out upright, and face the arduous way:
 Seek virtue's path, and fearless keep that road,
 Then safely turn—thy back upon the *load*.

* Who fell down by attempting to draw it backwards—





A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK V.

HUMOROUS.

The Decanter :

From the Greek.

O ! Thou, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck and single ear ;
With well-turn'd, narrow mouth ; from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence ;
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine ;
Sacred to *Phæbus* and the nine !
That mirth and soft delight can't move,
Sacred to *Venus* and to love.
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
'Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair ;
'Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I ;
And, when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

From

On Mrs. Bowls—representing a Sphere.

THESE cups by *Piso* to his friends were giv'n,
 Whose round presents the concave vault of heav'n.
 On this half-globe the northern stars appear,
 Engrav'd on that the southern hemisphere.
 Drink deep; all heaven you'll at the bottom see:
 Who would not wish to learn astronomy!

From Martial.

BY a *Ravenna* vintner once betray'd,
 So much for wine and water *mix'd* I paid.
 But, when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
 The rascal fobb'd me off with *only* wine.

The same imitated.

By *Mr. W*—

A Landord of Bath put upon me a queer *bum*,
 I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me *mere*
rum!

From Martial.

I Offer love, but thou respect wilt have:
 Take, Sextus, all thy pride and folly crave:
 But know! I can be no man's *friend* and *slave*.

A Description of Blenheim:

Imitated from Martial—By Mr. Pope.

SEE, Sir, see here, the grand approach!
 This way is for his grace's coach:
 And there's the bridge, and there's the clock;
 Observe the lion and the cock!

The spacious porch, the colonnade,
 And see ! how high the hall is made !
 The gallery is contriv'd for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in,
 The council-chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, Sir, said I, 'tis mighty fine !
 But where d'ye sleep, and where d'ye dine ?
 I find, by what you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house—but not a dwelling.—

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 87.

By Dr. Swift.

MY neighbour *Hunks's* house and mine
 Are built so near they almost join ;
 The windows too project so much,
 That through the casements we may touch.
 Nay, I'm so happy, most men think,
 To live so near a man of chink,
 That they are apt to envy me,
 For keeping such good company :
 But he's as far from me I vow,
 As London is from good * Lord *Howe*.
 For, when old *Hunks* I chance to meet,
 Or one or both must quit the street.

Thus he who would not see old Roger,
 Must be his neighbour—or his lodger.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 20.

WHEN mother Douglas first I knew,
 Four teeth in all she reckon'd ;
 Comes a damn'd cough, and whips out two,
 The other two were second.

* Governor of Barbadoes at that time.

Courage,

Courage, old dame, and do not fear
 The third, whene'er it comes;
 Give me but t'other jug of beer,
 And I'll secure your gums.

IF for mere wantonness you buy so fast,
 For very want, you must sell all at last.

Lib. iii. Ep. 61.

By Mr. Hay.

'TIS a mere nothing that you ask, you cry:—
 If you ask nothing, nothing I deny.

Lib. v. Ep. 66.

I Often bow; your hat you never stir:
 So, once for all, your humble servant—Sir!

Lib. vi. Ep. 8.

WELSH Judges two, four military men,
 Seven noisy lawyers, Oxford scholars ten,
 Were of an old man's daughter in pursuit:
 Soon the curmudgeon ended the dispute,
 And gave his daughter to a thriving grocer:
 What think you? did he play the fool, or no, Sir?

Martial, Lib. vii. Ep. 7.

MILO's from home, and, Milo being gone,
 His land bears nothing—but his wife a son:
 Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field?
 The land lay fallow—but the wife was till'd.

Lib.

Lib. vi. Ep. 19.

MY cause concerns not battery, or treason;
 I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
 That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove;
 This is the point the court would have you prove:
 Concerning *Magna Charta* you run on,
 And all the perjuries of old king John!
 Then of the Edwards and black prince you rant,
 And talk of John O'Stiles and John O' Gaunt;
 With voice and hand a mighty pother keep—
 Now, pray, dear Sir, one word about the sheep.

Martial, Ep. 65.

WHAT? in long verse write epigrams? say you,
 I say 'tis usual, and 'tis lawful too.
 Then, they are long. This too is law and use.
 If you like short, do you the distichs chuse.
 Let us agree; the bargain does no hurt;
 I may write long; and you may read the short.

Lib. viii. Ep. 35.

BOTH man and wife, as bad as bad can be;
 I wonder, they no better should agree.

Ep. 74.

A Doctor lately was a captain made;
 It is a change of title, not of trade.

Lib. x. Ep. 18.

NO dinners! presents! he is no man's bail!
 He cannot lend, because his riches fail!
 Yet crouds attend his *future* power and grace—
 For fools of all sorts—London is the place:

Ep. 43.

SEVEN wives! and in one grave! there is not found,
On the whole globe, a richer spot of ground.

** To Mr. Gr—s,

On his late Publication,

By Dr. H——n.

WIT's judgment-day is sure at hand!
Repent, ye scribbling knaves!
Each Muse and Grace, how chaste a band!
Now rises from *their* Gr-ves.

** On a thin Gentleman's presenting his Ex-
ercise to the Dean of a College after an Ill-
ness, — 1745.

By the same.

WHEN out his bed, with sickness worn,
Pale H—r—gt—n did rise,
And in his meagre hand was borne
His trembling exercise:
Art thou the shape (for much I doubt)
Wont epigrams to bring!
If so, the merry dean cry'd out,
“ Oh! Death, where is thy *sting*?

** Written at Oxford

On stealing the Body of a Girl for Dissection.

By the same.

FOR shame, for shame, Oxonians all!
Ne'er let it thus be said,

Tho'

Tho' wont to steal the girls alive,
You steal them too when dead.

Insatiate nature thus directs,
Nor is it strange, we own,
That ye, who love to taste the flesh,
Should like to pick the bone.

**** Punchinello.**

*Quanquam res agitur solemnî seria pompâ,
Hic risu importunus adest, ac omnia turbat.*

Add.

STEBBING and Warburton contest;
Heroes of more than common size—
This with a daring genius blest,
In him true orthodoxy lies.

One skill'd a fabric soon to raise,
Ingenious architect of fame!
The other merits equal praise
In quickly pulling down the same.

The guardians of religion's cause
Sit tame spectators of the fight,
Edwards alone indignant draws
His quill—to set the matter right.

Thus at a puppet-show I've seen
Two laurell'd heroes play their part;
When strait the grandeur of the scene
Punch interrupts and—lets a f—t.

**** By Mr. Pope.**

Answer to a Question of Mrs. Howe,

WHAT is prudery? 'tis a beldame
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows :
 'Tis (no, 'tis not) like Miss Meadows !
 'Tis a virgin, hard of feature ;
 Old, and void of all good-nature :
 Lean and fretful ; would seem wise,
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.
 'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
 That rails at—dear *Lepelle*—and *you*.

**** On the young Pretender's Landing in Scotland,—1745.**

By a Person of Quality.

PRETENDER in the Isle of Egg !
 Why then we must be watching :
 For, is it not too plain, I beg,
 Some mischief is a hatching.

And mischief, if you let it hatch,
 Is difficult to quell—
 A faction therefore you should watch,
 And crush it in the *shell*.

The Power of Music :

From the Spanish, by Dr. Lisle.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
 Which men are forbidden to see ;
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far,—but how vast their surprise !
 When they heard that he came for his wife.

To

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old Pluto had puzzled his brain ;
 But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,
 — So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
 And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again in reward of his art,
 Such merit had music in hell !

On Dancing to a Lady.

MAY I presume in humble lays,
 My dancing fair, thy steps to praise ?
 While this grand maxim I advance,
 That all the world is but a dance.

' That human kind, both man and woman,
 Do dance, is evident and common.
 David himself, that godlike king,
 We know could dance as well as sing :
 Folks, who at court would keep their ground,
 Must dance attendance the year round ;
 Whole nations dance, gay frisking France
 Has led the English many a dance ;
 And some believe both France and Spain
 Intend to take us out again.

All nature is one ball we find,
 The water dances to the wind ;
 The sea itself at night and noon
 Rises and dances to the moon ;
 The moon around the earth does tread
 A Cheshire round, yet ne'er looks red ;
 The earth and planets round the sun
 Still dance, nor will their dance be done,
 'Till nature in one blaze be blended,
 Then may we say the ball is ended.

The Extent of Cookery.

WHEN Tom to *Cambridge* first was sent,
 A plain brown bob he wore ;
 Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See him to *Lincoln's-Inn* repair,
 His resolution flag ;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

Nor *Coke*, nor *Salkield*, he regards,
 But gets into the house ;
 And soon a judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs ! ye bags, give place !
 Full bottoms come instead !
 Good Lord ! to see the various ways
 Of dressing—a calf's head.

By Mr. W. T.

IT blew an hard storm, and, in utmost confusion,
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution ;
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd,
 Were transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the
 priest ;
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
 They toss'd the poor parson soufe into the ocean.

By J. S. 1731.

ADAM alone could not be easy, -
 So he must have a wife, an't please ye ;
 But how did he procure this wife,
 To chear his solitary life ?

Why,

Why, from a rib cut off his side
 Was form'd this necessary bride.
 But how did he the pain beguile?
 Pho! he slept sweetly all the while.
 But when this rib was re-applied,
 In woman's form, to Adam's side,
 How then, I pray you, did it answer?
 He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

A common Case.

YOU dare not marry, friend, you own,
 For fear your family should frown;
 Why, wedlock would your freedom gain,
 Which others uses to inchain:
 Y'had better follow my advice,
 And marry once than marry twice;
 Betwixt your sister and your brother,
 Husband to one and wife to t'other.

Lingua potentior armis.

THAT speech surpasses force is no new whim;
Jove caus'd the heav'ns to tremble; *Juno* him.

The Choice.

LO! here's the *bride*, and there's the *tree*,
 Take which of these best liketh thee.—
 "The bargain's bad on either part—
 "But—hangman, come, drive on the cart."

From the French.

TEN months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
 And was brought in a laudable manner to bed;

She

She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
 That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise :
 But when Florimel chose to lie privately in,
 Twelve months before she and her spouse were a-kin,
 She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
 That her nurse, nay, her midwife, scarce heard her once
 squeal.
 Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
 That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN *Loveless* marry'd lady *Jenny*,
 Whose beauty was the ready penny ;
 I chose her, says he, like old plate,
 Not for the fashion, but the weight.

** On the Countess of Dorchester.

By Lord Dorset.

HER bed is like the marriage-feast,
 To which th' invited never came ;
 So, disappointed of her guest,
 She takes up with the blind and lame.

True Fortitude.

MY sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
 Oft tells me—" *Billy*, I shall die ;"
 I griev'd, but recollected strait,
 'Tis bootless—to contend with fate :
 So resignation to Heav'n's will
 Prepar'd me for succeeding ill ;
 'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
 'Twas Heav'n's will—to spare my wife.

The

The Virtuoso.

IF in his study *Curio* takes such care
To hang all *strange* things, let his wife beware.

On Mr. Hearn, the Oxford Antiquary.

POX on't, says *Time* to *Thomas Hearn*,
Whatever I'd forget you learn.

On a very fat Gentleman.

WHEN *Tadloe* treads the streets, the paviers cry,
“God bless you, Sir”—and lay their rammers by.

On two Misers,

Who monopolised the Corn at Manchester.

By Dr. Biron.

TWO brethren thin, call'd Bone and Skin,
Have starv'd the town—or near it ;—
But be it known, to skin and bone,
That flesh and blood won't bear it.

From Prior.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes ;
Yet, sighing, he says, “we must certainly break,”
(And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak)
For, of late, I invite him—but four times a week.

By Swift.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

On Christmas.

O Blessed season ! lov'd by saints and sinners,
For long devotions, or for longer dinners ;
More grateful still to those that deal in books,—
Now not with readers, but with pastry-cooks :
Learn'd works, despis'd by those to merit blind,
By these * *well-weigh'd*, their certain value find.

On a Miser's Treat.

THANKS to a miracle, for 'tis no less ;
We're fed with manna in a wilderness ;
In barren desarts we have found relief,
And felt the wonders of a rump of beef.
Here chimnies smoke that never smok'd before ;
And here we've din'd, where we must dine no more.

On a frugal Beau.

CURIO's rich side-board seldom sees the light ;
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright :
His knives and spoons, all rang'd in even rows,
No hands molest, or fingers discompose :
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
For ever still, whose flyers never fly :
His plates unsullied, shining on the shelf ;
For *Curio* dresses nothing but himself.

* Bought by the pound.

On

On a great House adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
The gods without, the dev'l within.

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folks did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed."
But hard's his case, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

Courage misplaced.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble:
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice:
But *Tom* is a person of honour so nice;
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning;
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning;
Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life,
Went home, and—was cudgell'd again by his wife.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London *Bobadil* had been,
Yet not the *lions* nor the *tombs* had seen:
I cannot tell the cause without a smile;—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

HIS whole estate, thy father, by his will,
Gave to the *poor*—thou hast good title still.

On a pale Lady.

W HENCE comes it, that, in *Clara's* face,
The lily only has a place;—
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

On a Sermon against Inoculation.

W E'RE told, by one of the black robe,
The devil inoculated *Job*:
Suppose 'tis true what he does tell;
Pray, neighbours, did not *Job* do well?

The Musical Contest:

By *Dr. Swift*.

S OME say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny:
Others aver, that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be,
'I wixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*.

On a certain Writer.

H ALF of your book is to an index grown;
You give your book *contents*,—your readers none.

J OHN Dryden enemies had three,
Call'd * *Dick*, * *Old Nick*, and * *Jeremy*:

* Sir Richard Blackmore—the d—l—and Jeremy Collier,—who wrote against the immorality of the stage.

G

The

The doughty knight was forc'd to yield;
 The other two have kept the field:
 But, had the poet's life been holier,
 He had foil'd the *devil* and the *Collier*.

** Royal Œconomy:

By Mr. Pope.

IN merry old England, it once was a rule,
 The King had his poet, and also his fool.
 But, now, we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
 That Cibber can serve, both for fool and for poet.

** By the same.

WHEN Laureats make odes, do you ask of what sort,
 Do you ask if they're good or are evil?—
 You may judge—From the * Devil they come to the Court,
 And go from the Court—to the devil——

** By the same.

SAYS Cibber to Pope, tho' in verse you fore-close,
 I'll have the last word, for, by G—d, I'll write prose!
 Oh! Colley, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
 For know the *last* word is the word that *lasts* longest.

On Serjeant G—dl—r's putting on the Coif.

WHEN G—dl—r the coif in a whimsey put on,
 Such crouding and staring fure never was known!
 A figure so strange in the world was ne'er seen;
 All marvell'd what such an appearance could mean:
 'Tis the *devil* cry'd one; but another cry'd no,
 The devil would never disguise himself so;
 Why then, cry'd a third, 'egad its is *Joe*.

* N. B. They are usually rehears'd at the Devil-Tavern—

The happy Physiognomy.

YOU ask why * Roome diverts you with his jokes,
 Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
 You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case;
 The jest is lost—unless he prints his face.

SOME gallipots falling, a well-tim'd disaster,
 Broke his head, while poor *Syringe* was spreading a
 plaister.

On a blind Husband.

IF *Argus*, with an hundred eyes, not one
 Could guard; think'st thou to keep thine, who hast
 none?

TREASON does never prosper: *What's the reason?*
 Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

The Humorist:

Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee nor without thee.

To a fair Millener.

OH! what bosom but must yield,
 When like Pallas you advance,
 With a thimble for your shield,
 And a needle for your lance!

* Author of a paper, called *Pasquin*, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

Fairest of the stitching train,
 Ease my passion by your art ;
 And, in pity to my pain,
 Mend the hole that's in my heart.

On a young Lady's refusing to shew her Hand.

NO argument could *Cælia* move ;
 With strong reluctance still she strove
 Her lovely hand to hide :
 The case was plain, she was afraid,
 That, plac'd in view, it might be said,
 'Twas by *her hand* they dy'd.

To Mrs. Mutable.

WHAT tho' for beauty you may bear the * *bell* ;
 Yet, ever to ring *changes sounds* not well.

On Sir M—k W—v—ll.

I'VE lost my mistress, horse, and wife ;
 But, when I think on human life,
 Am glad it is no worse :
 My wife was ugly and a scold,
 My mistress was grown lean and old ;
 I'm sorry for my horse.

By Mr. Rowe.

Clavus clavo pellitur.

WHEN at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the hall ;

* The bell, here alluded to, is only a sheep-bell ; upon which the reader must ring as many *changes*, as Mrs. *Mutable*, before he arrives at the plain sense of the Author.

When

When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
 About the plate and linnen vary,
 Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
 In sneaking dog! and ugly b-tch!
 Down comes my lady like the devil,
 And makes them silent all and civil,
 Thus cannons clear the cloudy air,
 And scatter tempests brewing there:
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease.

On certain Pastorals.

By Mr. Shenstone.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
 The weary audience vow—
 'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that plays,
 But 'tis his herds that low—

On a voluminous Poet of * Kidderminster :

By the same.

TH Y verses, friend, are Kidderminster stuff,
 And all must grant, thou'st measur'd out enough.

** Alluding to the Motto on Buckingham-
 House.

“ *Sic siti lætantur lares.* ”——

YES! finely hous'd these *Lares* are
 To feed on vista's and fresh air:
 To dine with Humphrey's Duke each day,
 And gaze their supper-time away.

* Famous for a coarse manufactory.

Would *Ceres* bring her * *sheafs* of corn,
 'T'would better *Sheffield's* house adorn :
 To which, if *Bacchus* grapes wou'd bring
 Then might the *Lares* laugh and sing.

On one who made long Epitaphs :

By Mr. Pope.

FRIEND! for your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
 Where still so much is said;
 One half will never be believ'd,
 The other never read.

On the Collar of a Dog ;

Presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I Am his highness' dog at *Kew* ;
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you ?

Another :

By Dr. Swift.

PRAY steal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
 Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

** On the Wonders of the Peak :

By Colley Cibber.

SEVEN famous daughters Derby's Peak can boast ;
 Six are grim Jades—but † *Chatsworth* is a Toast.

* The *Sheffield* arms—

† Seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

Light-finger'd Jack.

JACK, who thinks all his own that once he handles,
 For practice-fake purloin'd a pound of candles,
 Was taken in the fact:—Ah! thoughtless wight!
 To steal such things as needs must come to *light*.

**** On a remarkable long Nose.**

From Sir T. Moore.

ERECT thy nose, expand thy mouth,
 And turn thy face towards the south;
 Thus, ‡ by thy nose and teeth, one may
 Proclaim,—the hour of the day—

Q.

Written on a Pane of Glass, at Littlemore,
 near Oxford:

By Dr. Bacon.

THIS little village serves to show
 What lengths the pride of man will go;
 For, in whatever state or place,
 (As if contentment were disgrace)
 Ambition prompts us to desire
 Another post, a little higher.
 Search this capacious globe all o'er,
 You still will wish a *little more*.

On Ben Johnson's Bust,

With the Buttons on the wrong Side, in Westminster-Abbey.

OH rare Ben Johnson! what, a turn-coat grown!
 Thou ne'er wert such till thou wert clad in stone.
 When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs,
 Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years:

‡ This ridicules a personal deformity: But such outrageous hyperboles are consider'd as efforts of wit, rather than of malice,

Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite ;
Another age shall set thy buttons right.

On Epigrams.

ONE day, in *Christ-church* meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says *Ralph*, a merry wag,
An epigram, if right and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.

Your simile, I own, is new,
But how dost make it out, quoth *Hugh* ?
Quoth *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, friend :
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end.

** On some Disappointments, at the
Accession of the late K-ng.

H-N M E R ' S low bows at *Leicester-house* are lost ;
Fr-man * has fattened chickens to his cost—
And St. John finds it, as the poet sings,
That " Princes ever are the sons of Kings."

* The Princess of Wales would eat no chickens but Mr. Fr-man's—
of Hertfordshire.



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

BOOK VI.

MONUMENTAL.

From the Greek.

A Blooming youth lies bury'd here,
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage-state to prove,
But *Death* had quicker wings than *Love*.

On Euripides.

DIVINE Euripides, this tomb we see
So fair is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it; since all will own,
Thy name; and lasting praise, adorns the stone.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
 Around the tomb, where Sophocles is laid :
 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine ;
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung :
 Whose soul exalted like a god of wit,
 Among the muses and the graces writ.

On Philip, Father of Alexander.

HERE rest I *Philip*, on th' *Ægean* shore,
 Who first to battle led *Æmathia's* pow'r,
 And dar'd what never monarch dar'd before :
 If there be man who boasts he more has done,
 To me he owes it, for he was my son.

On Henry the Second, King of England.

IF conquer'd realms, or pow'r, from death could save,
 I, *Henry*, mighty king, had 'scap'd the grave !
 'To me, who thought the earth's extent too small,
 Now eight poor feet, a narrow space, are all.
 Reader ! behold in mine thy own sure fate,
 And curb thy vast desires, and know thy state ;
 He, whom the globe intire could not suffice,
 In this small tomb, in smaller ashes lies.

On the Marquis of Winchelsea :

By Mr. Dryden.

HE who in pious times undaunted stood,
 And, 'midst rebellion, dar'd be just and good ;
 Whose

Whose arms asserted, and whose suff'rings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before ;
Rests here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompense.

Pray, reader, that such times no more appear ;
Or, if this happen, learn true honour here.

On Lord Viscount Dundee :

By the same.

O, Last and best of *Scots* ! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne !
Scotland and thou did in each other live,
Thou would'st not her, nor could she thee survive :
Farewell ! who, living, didst support the state,
And could'st not fall but with thy country's fate.

On a young Lady of Norfolk :

By the same,

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet ;
In her they met ! but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay ;
Heav'n's beauty was in her so well express'd,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest ;
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

}

On Captain Grenville :

By Lord Lyttleton.

YE weeping muses graces, virtues, tell,
If, since your all-accomplish'd *Sidney* fell,

You, or afflicted *Britain*, e'er deplor'd
 A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
 Such spotless honour ; such ingenuous truth ;
 Such rip'n'd wisdom in the bloom of youth !
 So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
 To such heroic warmth and courage join'd !
 He too, like *Sidney*, nurs'd in learning's arms,
 For nobler war forsook her softer charms :
 Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
 The secret wish of ev'ry female heart ;
 Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
 He, unrepining, for his country dy'd.

On Captain Cornwall, slain off Toulon, 1743:

By the same.

TH O' Britain's genius hung her drooping head,
 And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled ;
 On that fam'd day, when *France* combin'd with *Spain*,
 Strove for the wide dominion of the main :
 Yet, *Cornwall* ! all with gen'ral voice agree
 To pay the tribute of applause to thee.
 When his bold chief, in thickest fight engag'd,
 Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd ;
 With indignation mov'd, he timely came,
 To rescue from reproach his country's name :
 Success too dearly did his valour crown ;
 He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

On Lady Lyttleton:

By the same.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
 Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wise :
 Polite,

Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
 Good ! as the artless virgin on the green :
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentlest female tenderness, combin'd !
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love ;
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove :
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song ;
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong :
 Her form each beauty of the mind express'd ;
 Her mind was virtue, by the graces dress'd.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke :

By Ben Johnson.

UNDERNEATH this fable hearse,
 Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, 'ere thou hast slain another,
 Fair, and wise, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

By the same.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
 As much virtue as could die ;
 Which, when alive, did vigour give
 To as much beauty as could live :
 If she had a single fault,
 Leave it bury'd in this vault.

On Shakespear :

By Milton.

WHAT needs my Shakespear, for his honour'd bones,
 The labour of an age in piled stones,

Or

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star y-pointing pyramid !
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument :
 For whilst, to th' shame of slow endeav'ring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
 These *Delphic lines* with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

From the Latin of Cowley on himself :

Translated by Addison.

FROM life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
 His debt of human toil discharg'd ;
 Here *Cowley* lies ! beneath this shed,
 To ev'ry worldly interest dead ;
 With decent poverty content,
 His hours of ease not idly spent ;
 To Fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
 And hating wealth by all caress'd.
 'Tis true he's dead ; for lo ! how small
 A spot of earth is now his all :
 O ! wish that earth may lightly lay,
 And ev'ry care be far away ;
 Bring flow'rs, the short-liv'd roses bring,
 To life deceas'd fit offering :
 And sweets around the poet strew,
 Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

Intended

Intended for Dryden :

By Mr. Pope.

THIS *Sheffield* rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was *Dryden* once : The rest who does not know ?

On Mr. Rowe :

By the same.

THY reliques, *Rowe* ! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy *Shakespear* place thy honour'd bust.
Oh ! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere ;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never *Briton* more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest ;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd !
And bless'd, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton :

By the same.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, " Here lies an honest man :"
A poet, bless'd beyond the poets fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great :
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd."

On

On Mr. Gay :

By the same.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child ;
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age ;
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the great :
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
 These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies Gay.*

Mr. Pope's own Epitaph by himself.

HEROES and kings ! your distance keep ;
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you :
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

On Mr. Pope :

By Mr. Rolt.

YE muses, weep ! ye sons of Phœbus, mourn,
 And decorate with tears this sacred urn !
 Pope dy'd : Fame bade the muses sound his praise ;
 They said, 'twas done in his immortal lays.

Mr. Prior's Epitaph :

By Himself.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lie the bones of *Matthew Prior*,
 The son of *Adam* and of *Eve* ;
 Let *Bourbon* or *Nassau* go higher.

Prior

Prior on himself.

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n.

}

Mr. Gay's Epitaph:

By Himself.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

On the Monument to Butler's Memory,

Erected in Westminster-Abbey.

WHEN Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a *stone*.

**** On the Death of Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated
Actress.—By Mr. S—w—d.**

WHEN Oldfield dies, ev'n Congreve's laurels fade:
And this we own, in justice to her shade,
The first *bad Exit* Oldfield ever made.

}

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the *Lyric*, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was chearful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.

On one who died of the Hyp.

DEATH, by a conduct strange and new,
Prov'd here th' effect and motive too:

Ned

Ned met the blow he meant to fly,
And dy'd, because he fear'd to die.

Inscription on an Urn at Lord Corke's :

To the Memory of the Dog Hector.

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
These are the honours by his master paid,
To Hector's manes and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true:
His looks and voice his inward thoughts express'd;
He growl'd in anger, and in love carefs'd.
No human fashood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man! displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

On the Parson of a Country Parish.

COME let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall;
For, egad, had he liv'd, he'd have bury'd us all.

On the Clerk of the same Parish.

Impromptu. By Mr. Shenstone—

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles: Pray found his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

On and old Woman who sold Pots at Chester:

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay:

By

By earth and clay she got her pelf,
 Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
 Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
 Abate your grief, and dry your eyes ;
 For what avails a flood of tears ?
 Who knows but in a run of years,
 In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
 She in her shop may be again ?

To the *pye-house* Memory of Nell Batchelour—
the Oxford Pye-Woman.

HERE, into the dust,
 The mouldering crust
 Of Eleanor Batchelour's shoven ;
 Well-vers'd in the arts
 Of pyes, custards, and tarts,
 And the lucrative skill of the oven.
 When she'd liv'd long enough,
 She made her last puff—
 A puff by her husband much prais'd :
 Now here she does lie,
 And makes a dirt-pye,
 In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd*.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.

LIE heavy on him, earth ! for he
 Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Posthumous Fame.

A Monster, in a course of vice grown old,
 Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold ;
 Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
 Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
 If on his spacious marble we rely,
 Pity a worth, like his, should ever die !

IF

If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch, like him, should ever live.

**** On a profligate Mathematician at
Manchester—**

By Dr. Byron.

HERE lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten :
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever wou'd,
Had he liv'd—as long again.

**** On Coleman :**

A plotting Papist, in the Reign of Charles II.

IF Heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin ;
If hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in :
If earth be pleas'd, when ridded of a knave ;
Then all are pleas'd — for Coleman's in his grave.

Epitaph on a Miser :

By Dr. Swift.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
* Demar, the wealthy and the wise :
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest ;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

* Demar was the real name of an usurer at Dublin.

On a Miser married to a Coquette.

HERE lies a wretch, 'midst other clay,
 Who heap'd up riches ev'ry day,
 Yet never gave one groat away ;
 Parted with nothing, all his life,
 But what in common was—his wife.

}

On an Undertaker.

SUBDU'D by death, here death's great herald lies,
 And adds a trophy to his victories ;
 Yet sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
 Made it his business still to *look for* death.

On an old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
 A noisy, antiquated maid,
 Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
 And ne'er before was out of breath.
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell ;
 For, if she talks not, she's in hell ;
 If she's in heav'n, she's there unblest'd ;
 Because she hates a place of rest.

** On the same Subject :

By (a) Lord Bristol.

TREAD softly, reader, lest you wake
 The greatest talker that e'er spake :
 'Tis chance, but, if her dust you move,
 Each atom there a tongue may prove :
 And, tho' she rises all alone,
 You'll think it a general resurrection.

On

On a scolding Wife, who died in her Sleep.

HERE lies the quintessence of noise and strife,
Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife;
Had not death took her when her mouth was shut,
He durst not for his *ears* have touch'd the flut.

On a Woman who had three Husbands.

HERE lies the body of Mary Sextone,
Who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one—
This she can't say beneath the next stone. }

On a Welch-man :

Killed by a Fall from his Horse.

HERE lies interr'd, beneath these stones,
David ap-Morgan, ap-Shenkin, ap-Jones :
Hur was born in Wales, hur was travell'd in France,
And hur went to heaven—by a bad mischance.

On Sir Francis Drake, drowned at Sea.

WHERE Drake first found, there last he lost his fame,
And for his tomb left nothing but a name :
His body's bury'd under some great wave ;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave :
Of him no man true epitaph can make,
For who can say, “ *Here lies Sir Francis Drake ?*”

** On Sir Robert Cotton, the Antiquary :

By T. Randolph.*

THE present age has many fates bemoan'd ;
But ages long since past for thee have groan'd.

* A rising genius of the last century call'd Ben Johnson's son—who died before he was thirty—

Time's

Time's trophies thou didst rescue from the grave;
Which in thy death a second burial have.
Cotton! death's conquest now complete we see,
Who ne'er had conquer'd all things but in thee.

On the Death of Sir Albertus and Lady Morton:

By Sir Henry Wotton.

HE first deceas'd—she, for a little, try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

On a Man and his Wife,

Buried in the same Tomb.

HERE sleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tie,
Could in such close embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally.—

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine:
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

On two Twin-Sisters.

FAIR marble, tell, to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one*.

* This thought wants truth to recommend it—

On the Picture of Mrs. Arabella Hunt,
Drawn after her Death, playing on the Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest'd with skill divine,
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

On a young Gentleman.

OF gentle race, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow and their vanish'd pleasure:
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race!
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better fate!
Impatient for his home, to shun delay,
From youth he soar'd to heav'n—the shortest way.

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt :

By Mr. Pope.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrow, mix his own.

On Mrs. Corbet—who died of a Cancer in
her Breast :

By the same.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence;
Blest'd with plain reason and with sober sense:

No conquests *she*, but o'er herself, desir'd ;
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd, that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind ;
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd ;
 The saint sustain'd it—but the woman dy'd.

On General Withers :

By the same.

HERE, *Withers*, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
 O born to arms ! O worth in youth approv'd !
 O soft humanity, in age belov'd !
 For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age :
 Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

On Mr. Craggs :

By the same.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear !
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end ;
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend !
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muse he lov'd.

On Cardinal Richelieu.

STAY, traveller ! for all you want is near.
 " Wisdom and pow'r I seek."—They both lie here.
 H " Nay,

“Nay, but I look for more; aspiring aim
 “At wit, taste, learning, elegance, and fame.”
 Here ends your journey then; for here the store
 Of Richelieu lies.—“Alas! repeat no more:
 “Shame on my pride! what hope remains for me,
 “When here death treads—on all that man can be?”

On Dr. Mead.

HIS gen'rous mind's to latest ages known
 From others' works, his learning from his own.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wife of soul, with awe divine,
 'Tis *Newton's* name that consecrates this shrine!
 That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
 Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
 That soul of science, that unbounded mind;
 That genius, which ennobled human kind!
 Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride!
 And half esteem'd an angel—till he dy'd:
 Who in the eye of Heav'n like Enoch stood,
 And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
 Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
 Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

On the same:

By Mr. Pope.

NATURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in night;
 God said, “Let Newton be!” and all was light.

From Cowley.

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell me where?
 Nothing but poor and fordid dust lies here.

On a young Lady :

By Mr. Mallet.

THIS humble grave, tho' no proud structure grace,
 Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place :
 Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
 I lamented maid ! now weeps upon thy tomb :
 Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
 Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more !
 What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
 Regard and pity wait sincere on thee !
 Lo ! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
 And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son :

By the same.

DEAR to the wife and good, beneath this stone
 Here sleep in peace the father and the son !
 By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
 The painter's genius, but without the pride :
 Worth unambitious, wit *afraid* to shine,
 Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
 The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date ;
 But oh ! how more severe the parent's fate !
 He saw him torn untimely from his side,
 Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd !

On a young Lady :

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
 Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death :
 Hence did she go just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
 Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

On the young Lord Mount-Cashell :

By Mrs. Barber.

CHILDREN are snatch'd away, sometimes,
 To punish parents for their crimes :—
 Thy mother's merit was so great,
 Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely fate,
 To make her character complete :
 Tho' many virtues fill'd her breast,
 'Twas *resignation* crown'd the rest.

On an Infant.

TO the dark and silent tomb
 Soon I hasted, from the womb ;
 Scarce the dawn of life began,
 'Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew ;
 I no gay delights could view :
 Joyless sojourner was I,
 Only born to weep and die. —

“ Happy infant, early blest'd !
 “ Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest ;
 “ Early rescu'd from the cares
 “ Which increase with growing years.

“ No delights are worth thy stay,
 “ Smiling as they seem, and gay ;
 “ Short and sickly are they all,
 “ Hardly tasted 'ere they pall.

“ All our gaiety is vain,
 “ All our laughter is but pain :
 “ Lasting only, and divine,
 “ Is an *innocence* like thine.

Another.

Another.

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies;
 To earth her body's lent:
 More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
 Tho' not more innocent.

When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
 And souls to bodies join,
 Millions will wish their lives below
 Had been as short as thine!

On Claudius Philips,

An excellent Musician, at Bridgenorth, Salop.

PHILIPS! whose touch, harmonious, could remove
 The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
 Rest here! distress'd by poverty no more;
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before:
 Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

By Mr. Gray.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear;
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their drear abode;
 (Where they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his father and his God.

Written in the Year 1745 :

By Mr. Collins.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And freedom shall a-while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

**** On Gilbert Walmisley, Esq.**

By Mr. Seward.

READER, if virtue, science, reason, charm ;
If social charities thy bosom warm :
If, justly styl'd the guardian of the poor,
The hungry bless thy hospitable door :
Firm to Britannia's prince, religion, laws ;
If freedom fire thee in thy country's cause :
With sympathetic grief these relics see !
But think not Walmisley dead—he lives in thee.

In a Country Church yard, near Bath :

*On a young Woman who fell a Sacrifice to the Infidelity of
her Lover.*

STAY, Christian, stay ; nor let thy pride disdain
This humble stone, that tells thee, " Life is vain "
Here beauty lies, in mould'ring ruins lost ;
A blossom, nipp'd by death's untimely frost.

Yet

Yet her chaste soul exults in realms above,
 Where constancy's for ever crown'd with love :
 Like a young bride, whose bloom shall ne'er decay,
 But celebrate an endless nuptial-day.

**** On a valuable Servant :**

By Mr. S—w—d.

MUCH lov'd, she long with warm affection serv'd ;
 Much prais'd, she more than all her praise deserv'd.
 As thus she liv'd, well-pleasing and well-pleas'd,
 Her parents' house a dire infection seiz'd :
 Thro' kind restraint she broke, with pious strife,
 Flew to their aid, and sacrific'd her life.
 Recording angels hence her praise shall tell,
 For few have liv'd and few have dy'd so well.

Epitaph on a young Lady.

AS she was once, few of her sex you'll see ;
 As she is now, the brightest maid must be :
 She liv'd to die, who dying yet shall live,
 Whilst honour, wit, or gratitude survive.
 Her eyes on ev'ry eye diffus'd delight,
 And nothing but her goodness shone more bright :
 Beauty to virtue gave a soft'ning grace,
 And virtue added beauty to her face.
 She prais'd all worth, unconscious of her own,
 And thought, with so much merit, she had none.
 Her use of books th' intent of reading shew'd ;
 Beyond the closet practically good.
 Her life for living was the justest plan ;
 She charm'd as woman, and she thought as man !

Fair reader, learn ! perfection is deny'd
 To the most fair, for fairest Marcia dy'd.

To the Memory of his Ancestors :

By Mr. N—gent.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tomb a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store ;
No guilt, no sordid av'rice, made it more.
With honest fame and sober plenty crown'd
They liv'd, and spread their chearing influence round.
May he, whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise !

** On Mrs. Sarah Mence :

Who died in 1763, aged 75.

PEACE to the ashes, and the virtuous mind,
Of her, who liv'd in peace with all mankind !
Humbly religious, silently sincere,
Humane to others, to herself severe.
Learn'd from the heart, unknowing of disguise,
Truth in her thoughts, and candour in her eyes.
Who sacrific'd no faith to private ends ;
Without reserve, devoted to her friends.
Stranger alike to envy and to pride,
Good sense her light, the word of God her guide.
She gave to piety her early days,
And breath'd in dying hours her *Maker's* praise.
Happy ! who thus the soul to Heav'n engage,
'Their youth's *first* choice, their last desire in age !

W. H.

To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburg :

Who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.

REMOV'D from all the pains and cares of life,
Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife :
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind ;
Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd :

Who.

Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
Privately pious ; and unknown, tho' great ;
Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.

O early-lost, in virtue's fairest prime !
Thy pieties supply'd life's want of time.
No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd,—
When God's own hour brings always God's reward.

Thy death, (and such, O reader, wish thy own!)
Was free from terrors, and without a groan :
Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

W. H.

On General Wolfe :

In the Church of Westeram, in Kent—where he was born,
1727.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth ! the fairest in the lists of fame.

Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year ;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear :
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,—
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

** On Mr. Pope :

By himself.

UNDER this marble, or under this fill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what you will ;
Whatever an heir, or one in his stead,
Or any good creature, shall lay o'er his head ;
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin,
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within :
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that, as well as he was,—he shall be.

** On Mr. Quin :

By Mr. Garrick.

THAT tongue which set the table on a roar,
 And charm'd the public ear,—is heard no more:
 Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
 That spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespear writ.
 Cold is that hand, which living was stretch'd forth,
 At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
 Here lies James Quin:—Deign, reader, to be taught,
 Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought;
 Tho' thou in nature's choicest mould wert cast,
 "To this complexion" must thou come at last!

On a libertine Gamester.

"Jacta est alea!"

HERE lies a Sceptic, long in doubt,
 If death could kill the soul, or not.
 His scruples death resolves at last;
 Convinc'd—but oh! the die is cast!



MISCELLANEOUS
EPIGRAMS:
OR,
POEMS
OF AN
EPIGRAMMATICAL TURN.

By the EDITOR.

Nasutus sis usq; licèt, sis deniq; nasus,
Non potes in nugis dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quàm dixi. — MARTIAL.

The Second EDITION, with ADDITIONS.



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A P O L O G Y

FOR UNSEASONABLE RHYMES :

To ———, Esq.

Cantantes minùs via lædet. VIRG.

VERS'D in the scientific page,
 The wisdom, laws, of ev'ry age !
 O ! thou, on whose instructive song
 Senates have oft attentive hung :
 Whose breast once felt the sacred fire
 That Verse's magic sounds inspire :
 When " || blithsome you were wont to rove"
 A blest enthusiast thro' the grove !
 Till, led by more exalted views,
 Early to quit the sportive muse,
 Indulgent to the toils of youth
 You strew'd with flow'rs the paths of truth ;
 And, zealous in your country's cause,
 First * harmonis'd her rugged laws :
 Honour'd by queens †, yet condescend
 To patronise an humble friend ;
 Who haply wastes the vacant hour,
 Studious to cull each fragrant flow'r,
 Which blooms beside the sacred rill,
 That issues from the Muse's hill ;
 Where you, would nobler cares permit,
 Enthron'd with Phœbus' self might sit :
 These rhymes with kind attention read,
 And hear the muse submissive plead.

" A merchant-ship, in ancient times,
 Had once on board a ‡ Man of rhymes ;

|| See Doddsley's Miscell. Vol. IV, Page 224.

* See Commentary on the Laws of England.

† Solicitor to the Queen.

‡ A Man of Rhymes. EUMOLPUS in Petron Arb.

*When, by a furious tempest tost,
The Captain swore that all was lost !
His friends call'd up, he lets them know it ;
All pump by turns—all but the poet.—
What others dreaded, he enjoy'd ;
And, calmly at his trade employ'd,
Beneath the deck, in rumbling verses,
The horrors of the storm rehearſes.*

*If thus, amidst my baſieſt times,
I idly ſport in harmleſs rhymes :
When thwarting cares perplex my ſoul,
The ſtormy paſſions to controul,
If gentle Verſe her ſuccours lend,
Deſpiſe me not, my honour'd friend ;
Nor think me proud of theſe dull lays,
Who ſue for pardon, not for praiſe.*

*Deem not alas ! yon pack-horſe vain,
So gaily ambling o'er the plain :
When thus his taſſell'd bells he ſhakes,
The wretch his ſtages lighter makes :
Pleaſ'd with the ſound, goes jingling on,
Nor feels the tedious miles has gone.*

*Condemn'd to travel life's worſt road,
And drudge beneath a galling load ;
With toils fatigu'd, with cares infeſted,
Yet more by Scandal's darts moleſted ;
When no relief from books is found,
No friend is near to heal the wound ;
Forgive me, as I jog along,
If calmly, thus, I hum a ſong !
Impatient of more deep reflection,
From gloomy thoughts I ſeek protection—
The mind, diverted, finds relief,
And, by expreſſing, ſoothes her grief.
O'er Care the Muſe's voice prevails,
And Rhyme ſucceeds where Reaſon fails."*

B Jan. 1767.

MISCEL-



MISCELLANEOUS
EPIGRAMS, &c.

FROM THE GREEK.

The Rival Beauties :

From Rufinus.

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes :
Superior beauties heighten'd ev'ry grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race :
But I, who, blest'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a *Venus* was—and pleas'd them all.

On Leonidas and his 300 Spartans.

TO stop the Persian monarch's way,
In vain the swelling ocean rose ;
In vain, his progress to delay,
The lofty mountains interpose.

Rous'd

Rous'd by the Spartan chief to fight,
 When lo ! his slender band obeys ;
 These turn'd th' unnumber'd hosts to flight :—
 Blush then, ye mountains and ye seas !

On the Statue of Jupiter, by Phidias.

D ID Jove descend, and thus unveil
 His form before the sculptor's eyes ?
 Or Phidias' self Olympus scale,
 To view the monarch of the skies ?

On the Statue of a Cow, by Myron.

HENCE, foolish calf ! — thy cries refrain,
 Nor torture thus my teats in vain :
 The sculptor's hand has done its part,
 But *real milk* exceeds his art.

** In vino veritas.

A Brute thou art at best ; but, mad with wine,
 The rage of *tigers* is less fierce than thine :
 Wine but displays the baseness of thy heart ;
 Not *makes* thee bad ; but shews thee as thou art.

On a bad Singer.

WHEN screech-owls scream, their note portends,
 To frighted mortals, death of friends ;
 But, when *Corvino* strains his throat,
 E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

On an affected Philosopher.

IF by your *beard* your wisdom you would show,
 Then goats have beards—but Plato was a beau.

An.

An Epitaph.

CELSUS nor gave me purge nor clyster,
 Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister :
 But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear
 The doctor's name—and dy'd for fear.

The Miser and the Mouse.

AS Pedro stalk'd around his house,
 The jealous miser spy'd a mouse :
 "How now, cries he, what dost thou here?"
 "Sir, says the mouse, dismiss your fear ;
 "I come not with the *hopes* of food,
 "But for the sake of—solitude."

FOR wealth, ye thieves, some statelier house explore,
 Whilst poverty, stout guard! defends my door.

IN youth, by cheerless poverty oppress'd,
 By fortune's flatt'ring smiles in age care's'd ;
 I sure was doom'd, of all mankind, alone
 To live, to all the joys of life unknown :
 Without the means, when young and bless'd with health ;—
 When past enjoyment, tantaliz'd with wealth !

The Prayer of a wife Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant ;
 (Thou knowest best what mortals want :)
 Ask'd, or unask'd, what's good supply ;
 What's evil—to our *pray'rs* deny !

Epitaph on Timocritus.

AN hero, bold in war, here finds his grave ;
 But Mars the coward spares—and smites the brave.

** On

•• On Saon.

WITH sacred slumbers blest'd, here Saon lies ;—
For think not, reader, that the *good man dies*.

FROM THE LATIN.

Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 14.

Arria and Pætus.

THUS to her much-lov'd, virtuous lord,
With tender grief oppress'd,
Chaste *Arria* said, and gave the sword,
Drawn-reeking from her breast :

“ Believe me, Pætus, void of pain

“ *I've* found the pointed steel :

“ But oh ! the wound that *you'll* sustain,

“ *That* wound I doubly feel.”

•• Vulcan mistaken :

*On the Marriage of the Princess Augusta to the Hereditary
Prince of Brunswick.*

From the Latin of C. A. Esq.

WHEN Vulcan saw the fair Augusta led,
In all her charms, to Brunswick's bridal bed ;
“ My nets prepare !” his jealous Godship cries,
“ Again I'll make the God of war my prize.”——
Ah ! check thy rage ; nor violate their loves,
Which Hymen ratifies, and Jove approves :
Nor Mars nor Venus deem this royal pair ;
Less brave was Mars, nor Venus half so fair.

Martial,

Martial, Lib. iii. Ep. 44, modernised.

The impertinent Poet ||.

YOU often wonder what the devil
Can make the town so damn'd uncivil.—
With what indifference they treat you!
There's not a soul that cares to meet you!
Where'er you come, what consternation!
What universal desolation! —
“ But for the cause ” — Why, must you know it?
I'll tell you; — “ You're *too great* a poet; ”
And that's a thing true Britons fear,
More than a tiger or a bear.
Your man of sense, of all God's curses,
Dreads nothing like *repeating* verses.
And really, *Tom*, you're past all bearing;
You'd tire a *Dutch-man* out with hearing.
One must submit, there's no contending;
You keep one sitting, keep one standing. —
Got loose, with more than decent speed
I trudge away — yet you proceed.
Go where one will, there's no retreat;
You're at it still, *repeat, repeat*.
I fly to 'Nando's † — you are there,
Still thund'ring distichs in one's ear:
Thence to the Park — still you're as bad;
The ladies think you drunk or mad:
“ But come, 'tis late, at three we dine; ”
You stop one with “ a *charming line* ! ”
Now down we sit; but lo! repeating
Is greater joy to you than eating.
Quite tir'd, I nod, and try to dose; —
In vain — you've murder'd all repose.
But prithee, *Tom*, repent in time;
You see the sad effect of rhyme;

|| Printed in Fielding's “ *Champion*, ” 1743.

† A coffee-house near Temple-bar.

(And

(And check this humour, if you can,)
 That such an honest, worthy man,
 With so much sense, and such good-nature,
 * Should be so *terrible* a creature !

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 5.

WITH you, dear *Tom* ! I'd often spend the day,
 And laugh, and chat, and trifle life away ;
 But ten long miles, you know, divide us twain ;
 Those ten make twenty, measur'd back again.
 Then, o'er the downs, with patience should I come,
 You're always out, at least you're not at home ;
 Or busy, or engag'd in rhyme and metre ;
 Or with your child—that *entertaining* creature !
 In short, to *see* my friend ten miles I'd go ;
 But twenty, *not* to see you—'ll never do.

Lib. ii. Ep. 41.

YES ; I submit, my lord ; you've gain'd your end :
 I'm now your slave, that would have been your friend
 I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove ;
 Respect, adore you—ev'ry-thing but—love.

Lib. i. Ep. 101.

To an affected Old Maid.

TH O' pappà and mammà, my dear,
 So prettily you call,
 Yet you, methinks, yourself, appear
 The grand-mamma of all.

Lib. viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not ;
 But take his word for't ; *Hal's* not worth a groat.

• Vir justus, probus, innocens—*timeris*.

•• Martial

** Martial, Lib. viii. Ep. 19, imitated:

To an ancient Gentlewoman.

YOU say you're old, in hopes we'll say you're young:
But 'tis your face we credit, not your tongue.

** Imitated.

YOUR soup you call, and really 'tis plain pottage:
Your house a cottage call—and 'tis a cottage.

Lib. i. Ep. 29, literally translated.

OF last night's wine you say Acerra stinks;
'Tis false; till morning, still Acerra drinks.

Lib. i. Ep. 47, paraphrased.

DI AULUS, late who, void of skill,
Profess'd the healing art,
Now acts, in league with Pluto still,
The undertaker's part.

Yet hear the man his change deplore;
"Hard fate! thus forc'd to slave."—
Wretch, when a quack, what didst thou more
Than cater for the grave?

From Owen's Epigrams.

THE doctor lives by sporting with our lives;
And, by our follies fed, the lawyer thrives*.

* These general reflections, on the most learned professions, only prove, that there have been, in all ages, quacks and pretenders;—and that the vulgar have charged the ignorance or knavery of a few individuals on the whole fraternity.

Martial,

Martial, Lib. ii. Ep. 53.

*Advice to a Chaplain:—Familiarised in the Manner of
Dr. Swift.*

PARSON! 'tis false; I'll ne'er believe
With liberty you wish to live:
You hug your chains, and cut your jokes
On us, poor independent folks.—
But would you then indeed be free?
Come, I'll prescribe—without a fee.

First then, 'tis plain you love to eat,
And haunt the tables of the great:
You shun the man, and think him poor,
That cannot give you "four and four."
Indeed, my friend, this must *not* be;
A parasite can ne'er be free.

Next, doctor, you must drink no wine.—
Ch. Why so? *Saint Paul*, that great divine,
Says, "Drink a little."—*F.* That's not the question;
You can't afford it.—*Ch.* But for digestion—
F. A glass of cyder, or old mead,
Or e'en mild ale, will do the deed.

Then, you're a captain in your dress;
A good black frize would cost you less,
And look more venerable too,
Than that *grey* cloth—which I call *blue*.
Talk what you please, you'll ne'er be free,
If you despise œconomy.

Perhaps, too, you may think a wife
Amongst the requisites of life:
Why, take some healthy farmer's daughter,
Some *Blousalind*—nay, spare your laughter:
She'll mend your shirts, inspect your brewing;—
A lady, Sir, would be your ruin.

Your pars'nage-house, I own, is mean;
But see! that fragrant jessamine;
See! how that woodbine round the door
And lattice blooms!—What would you more?

Oh! doctor, could you but despise
 Life's pompous superfluities;
 Could you but learn to live content
 With what indulgent Heav'n has sent;
 Whate'er your lot, you'd live more free
 Than any prince—in * *Germany*.

The Wolf and Mastiff:

From Phædrus, Lib. iii, Fab. 7.

On the same Subject.

A Wolf, that long had rang'd the wood,
 A stranger to the taste of food,
 Meets an old house-dog, sleek and fat:
 Each known to each, they stop and chat.
 "Lord! says the wolf, how plump you're grown!
 "Is that round belly all your own?
 "Pray how d'you live, and what d'you eat?
 "I wish you'd give me your receipt:
 "For, not to under-rate *your* merit,
 "I think, my friend, I don't want spirit
 "T' attack the foe by day or night;
 "And yet you see *my* wretched plight."

"Why, quoth the dog, with conscious air,
 "My place requires a world of care.
 "If you desire to serve the great,
 "Faith! you must work—as well as eat:
 "Preferments are not giv'n for nought,
 "But by some useful *service* bought."

W. "What *service* then would be expected?
 "No honest terms should be rejected."

D. "Why, you must guard the doors by night;
 "Bark at the thieves, the beggars fright."

W. "Oh! I should bless the happy change;—
 "Who'd wish thro' rain and snow to range,

* *Partho rege,*

"That

“ That, snug and warm, could take his pleasure,
 “ And fill his belly at his leisure ?”

‘ Well then, quoth Snap, since we’re agreed,
 ‘ Let us with gentle trot proceed :’

When lo ! the wolf’s too curious eye
 Chanc’d the poor mastiff’s neck to spy,
 Gall’d with a chain beneath the ear :

“ Aha ! cries he, what have we here ?”

‘ Nothing,’ says Snap, and turn’d aside—

“ Nay, let’s know all,” the wolf reply’d.

‘ Why, as I’m pretty fierce, you know,

‘ They chain me up by day—or so :

‘ (My master’s whim—I can’t refuse it ;

‘ There’s nothing in’t—indeed I *chuse* it :)

‘ For, as I’m useless while ’tis light,

‘ I sleep by day—and watch by night :

‘ When night comes on, my chain’s unbound,

‘ And thus I rove the country round.

‘ As for my meat, I’m well supply’d,

‘ At table by my master’s side :

‘ The servants toss me bones half-pick’d,

‘ And oh ! what plates of sauce I’ve lick’d !

‘ But come !——What now ? you lag behind’—

W. “ Why faith ! I think I’ve chang’d my mind :

“ I don’t much like that cursed *chain* ;—

“ I’ll e’en go range the woods again.——

“ Enjoy your scraps—for I’d not be

“ A king—without my liberty.”

The Wolf and the Lamb :

From Phædrus, Lib. i. Fab. 1.

A Wolf and lamb, one sultry day,
 To the same meadow chanc’d to stray ;
 By thirst constrain’d, they sought the rill
 That issu’d from a neighb’ring hill.
 The wolf stood near the fountain’s head ;
 The lamb, far distant, down the mead.

I/grim,

Ifgrim, who dearly lov'd disputes,

With fell intent the lamb salutes :

" You Sir ! stand off ! you tread the brink in,

" And mud the stream so, there's no drinking."

The harmless lamb, with much surprise,

Looks up, and, trembling, thus replies :

' I can't conceive how that can be, Sir,

' The stream flows down from you to me, Sir.'

" You can't conceive !—Friend, don't be faucy ;

" I'll let you know, Sir, what the laws say.

" Besides—you mutter'd—so and so,

" Behind my back, six months ago."

' Upon my word, Sir, you mistake,

' (But don't be angry, for Heav'n's sake ;))

' I never could have such intention,

' Nor was I *born*, the time you mention.'

The wolf, by force of truth repell'd,

With shame and anger foam'd and swell'd :

" It was your father then," cries he,

" And that, you know, 's the same to me."

He said, and seiz'd the helpless victim,

And to the bones the tyrant pick'd him.

PANEGYRICAL

On the Coronation of GEORGE the Third,

September 22, 1761.

THREE monarchs now, of Brunswick's honour'd race,
 Shall, with the same great name, our annals grace.
 The first, tho' view'd by party's envious eyes,
 Contending factions own, was— *good and wise.*
 Thro' a long reign, brave, mild, and just approv'd,
 Our second George we style “* the *well-belov'd.*”
 But now a youth ascends the British throne,
 Whom ev'ry royal virtue calls her own !
 Unenvied he his *native* right obtains,
 And in the heart of every Briton reigns.
Proceed, young prince, a patriot king complete,
 And George the Third henceforth be GEORGE the GREAT.

On Mr. Pitt's Return to his Country-seat,

In October, 1761.

BRITANNIA long her hapless fate had mourn'd,
 By factions rent at home, by Europe scorn'd :
 Successless wars her languid councils show ;
 Her troops still fly before th' insulting foe :
 No more her fleets triumphant rule the main,
 For aid whilst sick'ning commerce sues in vain.

* *Le bien aimée.*

To

To guide her tott'ring bark, a pilot fit
 At length she seeks—and casts her eyes on Pitt.
 Pitt left his rural seat, and active rose,
 Retriev'd her credit and subdu'd her foes:
 From pole to pole, on ev'ry hostile shore,
 Again her flag's display'd, her cannons roar;
 The lakes of Canada our triumphs hear,
 And Afric's sons the name of Pitt revere.
 Nay more, he bids e'en *civil* discord cease,
 And sees each boisterous faction hush'd in peace;
 Then quits the helm, without a title great,
 And seeks once more at Hayes a calm retreat.

Great *Cincinnatus* thus, at *Rome's* request,
 Left his lone farm, and took th' imperial vest:
 With heav'n-born zeal his patriot breast inspir'd;
 Thus sav'd his country, triumph'd, and retir'd.

Mr. Allen, or the Great Plebeian*.

— *Sanctus haberi*

Iustitiæq; tenax factis dictisq; mereris?

Agnosco Procerem —

Juv.

YE haughty youths, of noble lineage vain,
 Who scour the turf, and revel in champaigne;
 Who boldly claim the honours of your race,
 And boast *their* names, whose *titles* you disgrace:
 Tell me, what first your grandfires' blood refin'd?
 Was it their birth, or virtues of the mind?—
 'Twas virtue gave that lustre to their name,
 And plac'd them foremost in the lists of fame:
 For civil arts, or feats of arms, renown'd,
Their merit *unbought* titles justly crown'd.
 But tho' the wretch, that soils their glorious deeds,
 To his sire's honours *legally* succeeds;
 Tho' titles may descend where virtues fail,
 No royal grant can *real* worth intail:

* Alluding to an expression in a public paper.

Such tinsel pomp may dazzle vulgar eyes,
 Whilst men of sense the *glittering cheat* despise.

But see the man of virtuous parents born,
 Whose useful life exalted acts adorn !
 With genius bless'd, whose ev'ry purpose tends
 'T' improve his country or enrich his friends :
 Who pours his wealth on works of public use,
 In worthiest deeds still gloriously profuse :
 Whose pious care seeks merit in distress,
 His unknown hand whilst wond'ring wretches bless ;
 Like some celestial planet's friendly rays,
 To all around diffusive bliss conveys :
 Who thus thro' life pursues one glorious plan
 Is more than noble—is a godlike man !

On the ancient City of Bath :

Written on the finishing the Circus.

Ἐγκώμιον καθέτιχον.

'MIDST flow'ry meads and Avon's winding floods,
 Romantic hills, wild rocks, and pendant woods ;
 Behold fair Bath her stately front advance,
 In all the pomp of Latian elegance !
 The hills, that rise in rich profusion round,
 With gardens deck'd or splendid villas crown'd !
 There health and pleasure hand in hand appear,
 And, smiling, weave their roseate arbors there.
 Deep in their mossy grotts, beneath those hills,
 The bounteous Naiads form the gushing rills.
 There various springs their min'ral virtues blend,
 And, warm, in salutary streams descend :
 Those streams to mortals balmy health restore ;
 The gout grows mild, and cholics are no more :
 Here languid nymphs regain the bloom of May ;
 Here cripples dance—and hurl the crutch away.

Hither, with lavish hand, fresh peasants bring
 The fruits of autumn and the flow'rs of spring ;

Whilst

Whilst lowing herds, from richest pastures, pour
 The draught salubrious in their milky store :
 Each fowl, of various plume, that haunts the wood,
 Or wings the heath, or dives the liquid flood :
 The spreading sea-fish, and the scaly fry,
 Contiguous coasts or neighb'ring streams supply.
 Thus art and nature join, in friendly strife,
 To show'r on Bath the blandishments of life.

Oh ! Bath, thrice happy, if to man 'twere giv'n
 T' enjoy, with temp'rate use, the gifts of Heav'n !
 Didst thou thy partial fate but truly prize ;
 Didst thou increase in virtue as in size :
 Were luxury banish'd, with each baneful vice ;
 Th' infernal arts of scandal, * cards, and dice :
 The vagrant herds, that ev'ry street infest,
 And insolence, with rigorous care suppress'd :
 Did no base miscreants, to themselves unjust,
 By mean exactions *liberal* minds disgust :
 From distant counties thanes in crouds should fly,
 Proud in thy domes to shun the wint'ry sky :
 † *Augusta's* self should half-deserted stand,
 And Bath possess the riches of the land.

To a Limner at Bath :

Equally excellent in Portraits and Landships.

DRAWN by the magic pow'rs of light and shade,
 To Gainsb'rough's skill be this slight tribute paid :
 To charm the soul, with equal force conspire
 The painter's genius and the poet's fire.

* The author is aware of the unpoliteness of this censure : But, tho' a sober game at " whist and swobbers " might make an innocent part of the festival entertainments of our ancestors, yet he cannot but consider *cards*, in the present age, (when made a necessary introduction to good company, and the chief employment, summer and winter, of people of fashion) as equally prejudicial to the serious business, and the real enjoyment of life,

† The Roman name for London.

When Milton sings of angels, bold in fight,
 Or blooming cherubs, half-dissolv'd in light;
 Or leads his Eve to Adam's longing arms,
 In all the lustre of primeval charms;
 Fir'd with the song, thro' Eden's blissful groves,
 With the first pair, th' inraptur'd fancy roves:
 'Midst crystal founts, or amaranthine bow'rs,
 Ambrosial fruits, and ever-blooming flow'rs,
 We trace each step, by various passions tost,
 And quit with tears the "*paradise they lost*."

Like that bless'd pair, by Gainst'rough's pencil drawn,
 Here * each fond couple treads the flow'ry lawn:
 Or sun-burnt heroes shine in mimic arms,
 Or beauties glow with never-fading charms:
 Each eye the animated features strike;
 Ev'n lovers, pleas'd, confess the portrait like.

But, when the landskip's various charms we trace,
 Where nature's self appears with heighten'd grace;
 'There sylvan scenes present the op'ning glade,
 'Th' enamell'd lawn, or cool sequester'd shade;
 'The ruddy dawn there gilds the distant tow'r;
 'There the smooth lake reflects the purple flow'r.
 In silent wonder fix'd, with joy serene,
 The mind surveys th' imaginary scene;
 And owns the pleasing cheat so well sustain'd,
 Each landskip seems a "*paradise regain'd*."

** On another Limner at Bath :

An Expostulation.

" SAY, thou that deign'st in panegyric lays,
 " And rapturous notes, the Graphic Art to praise,
 " Why shares not Hoare thy tributary strain?
 " (Methinks I hear Italia's self complain);
 " Whose glowing tints, with ev'ry grace replete,
 " Still add fresh lustre to the fair and great?

* Several gentlemen and ladies drawn in that taste.

" Whose

“ Whose pencil Pitt and Pelham have approv’d ;
 “ Nay, Pope has dignify’d, and Allen lov’d ?”

Thy censure’s just :—To praise the artist’s hand
 Might Pope himself or Dryden’s muse demand.
 Yet, sure, to celebrate a single art,
 Where every lib’ral science claims a part ;
 To praise the limner, where we might commend
 ‘The worthy man, the scholar, and the friend :
 Such panegyric might a satyr prove ;
 Praise may be spar’d, where we esteem and love.

To William Shenstone, Esq; at the Leasowes,
 1760.

SEE ! the tall youth, by partial fate’s decree,
 To affluence born, and from restraint set free !
 Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
 ‘The mall, the route, the play-house, and the court :
 Soon for some varnish’d nymph, of dubious fame,
 Or powder’d peerefs, counterfeits a flame.
 Behold him now, inraptur’d, swear and sigh,
 Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why ;
 ‘Till, by kind fate restor’d to country air,
 He marks the roses of some rural fair :
 Smit with her unaffected, native charms,
 A real passion soon his bosom warms ;
 And, wak’d from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
 And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
 Some Templar gay begins his wild career :
 From seat to seat o’er pompous scenes he flies,
 Views all with equal wonder and surprise ;
 ‘Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
 He hies fatigu’d, not satisfy’d, to town.
 Yet, if some kinder genius point his way
 To where the muses o’er thy *Leasowes* stray,
 Charm’d with the sylvan beauties of the place,
 Where art assumes the sweets of nature’s face,

Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
 Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move :
 Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott',
 The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
 Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
 And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

To Morgan Graves, Esq;

On the Improvements at Mickleton House in Gloucestershire :

Written in 1740. — A Fragment.

IS this the place where late, in tangle yew,
 Crowns, dragons, pyramids, and peacocks grew ?
 Where quaint parterres presented to the eye
 The various angles of a Christmas pye ?
 Or alleys met, with correspondent glades,
 And trees in rows cast equi-distant shades ?
 Where † terraces you scal'd by many a step,
 From which at once poor frogs in panics leap ?
 And walls surrounding, thirty cubits high,
 Left to the view scarce thirty ells of sky ?
 Around, the mansion, barns, and stables lay,
 And spread night's mantle o'er the face of day.
 These spacious lawns an hundred hedges shar'd,
 Like tenements of cards, by children rear'd.

What taste perverse our ancestors inspir'd,
 Who banish'd oaks, and mournful yews admir'd !
 Who rais'd huge walls to guard a few jonquils,
 Pent up from flow'ry meads and verdant hills !
 Disdaining nature, in her richest dress,
 Till tortur'd into Gothic littleness !

Yet here those ancestors—a virtuous train !
 In health contented dwelt, thro' many a reign. —
 Each country-seat was then a well-stor'd farm,
 Which knew no beauties but in snug and warm.

† Most of the gardens of the last age consisted of little terraces, with infinite flights of steps instead of slopes.

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, round their barns they heard their oxen lowe,
 And the same steeds then drew the coach and plough.
 Strangers to form, their neighbour was their guest,
 Where mirth and rural plenty made the feast:
 Nor hyson yet, nor Gallic wines were known,
 Nor deem'd polite the annual jaunt to town.
 While summers thus, and chearful winters pass'd,
 They liv'd thrice happy—in their want of taste.

**** On Mrs. C—r—y's Villa,**
At Hampstead. 1760.

STRANGER, approach! prepar'd to see
 A palace in epitome.
 A rural queen, in this retreat,
 Has fix'd her airy summer's seat:
 'Midst grottoes, lawns, and blooming trees,
 She here enjoys the balmy breeze;
 And hence with calm contempt looks down
 On the tumultuous joys of town.

The villa splendid, tho' not great,
 With every work of art replete,
 Presents to view, on every side,
 The spoils of oriental pride:
 All that rich China's marts display,
 Grotesque in shape, in colours gay;
 Enamell'd jars or painted screens,
 Fat idols, pagods, mandarines!

But chiefly here regales our eyes
 Whate'er the Flemish school supplies
 Of landskip rare, with labour'd skill,
 By Berchem, Brughel, or Paul Brill;—
 Names which the connoisseur reveres,
 Tho' harsh to nice poetic ears.
 Yet, what we prize above all these,
 Behold, the seat of health and ease!
 Of pleasures pure, that never cloy;
 Of social and domestic joy:

Or, what in courts is very rare,
Behold a chearful,—happy pair!

** On a very small but elegant Villa,

Near Bath.

THE vap'rish fair, whose chariots roll
On Avon's banks, with each pert Miss,
Struck with the sight, cry, " Bless my soul!
" Whose charming *little* place is this?"

Thus, view'd without, you deem this pile
A *little* box or cottage neat;
But, enter'd in, you change your style;
There all is splendid—all is *great*.

The Epicure :

To W. Mills, Esq; on a late Act of Generosity.

YOU call it lux'ry, when, in all his glory,
Quin loads his plate with turtle and *John-Dory* *;
Or snuffs the pinguid haunch's fav'ry steam,
And crowns the feast with jellies and ic'd cream.
But when, with more indulgence, you employ
Your wealth to give the pensive bosom joy;
When, by one lib'ral act, the mind's best treat!
You make a † *brother's* happiness complete;
There is, you'll own, tho' rarely understood,
The highest luxury in doing good;
Nay, view his heart, and Quin will grant, I'm sure,
The gen'rous man's the truest Epicure.

* *John-Dory*—a fish much in vogue in the eighteenth century.

† He took his brother to the Bank one morning, and transferr'd
20,000 l. to him, as a present.

To William Melmoth, Esq;

On his Translation of Pliny's Epistles.

TH O', justly rank'd the classic wits among,
Great Pliny charms us in his native tongue;
Tho' sense and candour breathe thro' ev'ry page;—
Yet—does his *language* speak th' Augustan age?
Like Tully good, yet critics still require
The je-n'-sçai-quoi which Tully's friends admire;
And, taught by Melmoth, pedants must confess,
He shines, more perfect, in his English dress.
Henceforth, when men of taste shall chance to name
Each British author of distinguish'd fame,
Amongst *our* classics Pliny shall be one,
High in the list, with Swift and Addison.

On Tully's Head in Pall-Mall:

To Mr. R. Doddsley, on his writing Cleone, 1756.

1.
WHERE Tully's bust and honour'd name
Point out the venal page,
There *Doddsley* consecrates to fame
The classics of his age.

2.
In vain the poets, from their mine,
Extract the shining mass,
Till *Doddsley's* mint has stamp'd the coin,
And bid the sterling pass.

3.
Yet he, I ween, in *Cæsar's* days,
A nobler fate had found;
Doddsley himself with verdant bays
Had been by *Cæsar* crown'd.

4.

His bust near *Tully's* had been plac'd,
Himself a classic bard;
His works Apollo's temple grac'd,
And met their just reward.

5.

But still, my friend, be virtue, sense,
And competence thy share;
And think each boon, that courts dispense,
Beneath a poet's care.

6.

Persist to grace this humbler post;
Be *Tully's* head the sign;
Till future booksellers shall boast
To vend their tomes at *thine*.

On the Bishop of Cloyne's Book upon
Tar-Water, 1744.

1.

LO! ev'ry subject Berkley treats
With elegance and ease!
Tar breathes forth aromatic sweets,
And metaphysics please!

2.

Tho', humbly first, the sage explores
The virtues of the pine;
To loftiest themes he gently soars,
Physician and divine!

3.

Here batter'd rakes, for taint or gout,
A sure balsamic find;
Here sophs may learn what *Plato* thought
Of the *eternal mind*.*

* From investigating the subtle fire, to which the virtues of tar are chiefly ascribed—the bishop ascends to the Platonic notion of the Supreme Being—mind—and vivifying spirit, &c.

4. Hence-

4.

Henceforth let none the lawn decry,
 If Berkley's pious care
 Teach wits to own a Trinity,
 And beaux to relish tar.

To the Right Honourable Lady Ch——m,
 1763.

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play,
 Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day;
 From crouds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
 Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:
 A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
 Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.

But when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
 She cheers th' illustrious patriot's calmer hours;
 Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
 And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning throng:
 Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
 'The tender mother and th' engaging wife!
 More just applause these humbler virtues share,
 And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

On Miss ——, afterwards Lady ——,
 1740.

LUCIA was form'd by Heav'n in courts to shine,
 With grace, and air, and majesty divine;
 Yet, o'er those charms, her virtuous thoughts dispense
 The humblest mien, with rural innocence.
 Hence viscounts wait their doom from Lucia's eyes,
 Whilst many a swain—in hopeless silence dies.

Venus

Venus genetrix.

To Mrs. W——, 1760.

1.

WHEN Stella joins the blooming throng
Of virgins dancing on the plain,
A grace she seems the nymphs among,
Or Dian' 'midst her virgin train.

2.

But when, with sweet maternal air,
She leads Iulus thro' the grove,
Herself appears like Venus fair,
Her wanton boy the god of love.

On the accomplished Miss —— :

By a School-Boy.

WHEN for the prize the heav'nly rivals strove,
Before the Phrygian prince, in Ida's grove,
Venus in vain had brib'd her judge with Helen,
Had Pallas nam'd her fav'rite Molly A——n.

On the celebrated Miss —— :

FRESH as the spring, and like Aurora fair,
Clarinda issues forth, the public care!
Where'er she moves admiring crouds resort,
Whilst round her charms the loves and graces sport.
Her eyes the hearts of heedless tops beguile,
Who catch each glance—and feed upon each smile:
But the bless'd youth, distinguish'd from the throng,
Who hears th' enchanting accents of her tongue;
Her native wit, her more than manly sense,
Express'd with sweet, bewitching diffidence;
Owns in her mind more pow'rful beauty lies,
And scarce observes the lustre of her eyes.

An

** An Apology to Lucinda.

FROWN not, Lucinda, that the wand'ring muse
 Thro' distant fields her fav'rite task pursues ;
 For, tho' with various sweets she decks her lays,
 Collecting ev'ry flow'r that merits praise ;
 Tho' in each nymph some charm perhaps may find,
 Some faint resemblance of Lucinda's mind ;
 From you she paints each grace, each winning art ;
They share my verse, but *you* possess my heart.

S A T Y R I C A L.

The Dangler.

CHARM'D with the empty sound of pompous words,
 Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but lords ;
 Whilst rank and titles all his thoughts employ,
 For these he barters every social joy :
 For these, what you and I sincerely hate,
 He *lives* in form, and often starves in state.—
Carlo, enjoy thy peer ! content to be
 Rather a slave to him than friend to me.
 Go, sell the substance to retain the show ;
 May you *seem* happy—whilst I'm really so !

Vanity and Avarice.

1.

THE wretch that courts the fordid great,
 And with the splendid *Florio* dines,
 Is tantalis'd in empty state,
 And thirsts amidst his costly vines.

3

2. There's

2.

There's Burgundy, he lets you know,
 Or bright champagne's more sprightly juice :
 There's claret too ;—but all for show ;
 The honest port alone's for use.

3.

Thus vex'd, his tortur'd guests complain,
 And stare at what they fear to touch ;
 Thus *Florio*, covetous and vain,
 Still does too little—or too much.

To Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
 Which, like a church, would starve a mouse ;
 Which never guest had entertain'd,
 Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd ;
 I said :—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat ;
 But where d'you drink, and where d'you eat ?
 If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
 It costs you more in mops than wine.

** The Hogs of H——k.

KING Bladud once espy'd some hogs
 Lie wallowing in the steaming bogs ;
 Whence issu'd forth those sulph'rous springs,
 Since honour'd by more potent kings.

Vex'd at the brutes alone possessing
 What ought to be a common blessing,
 He drove them thence, in mighty wrath,
 And built the stately town of Bath.

The hogs—thus banish'd by the prince—
 Have lurk'd at H——k ever since.

The Impudence of Wealth.

BUFO, whose pride disdains to give attention,
 Still asks you things above his comprehension ;

But,

But, 'ere you speak, his thoughts are on himself;
 His dress, his dinner, or his paltry pelf.
 One day, quoth he, "What signifies your learning?
 "Does Greek or Latin make one more discerning?
 "For all your classics I'd not give one groat;
 "Who's e'er the richer, pray, for all they wrote?
 "If books then neither make men rich or wiser,
 "Your man of learning is the greatest miser;
 "Whose studies, day and night, his thoughts employ,
 "To heap up stores, which he can ne'er enjoy."

Your reas'ning's something odd, I told the man, Sir,
 But you'll not listen to a proper answer.
 The sweets of knowledge are to thee, I find,
 Sounds to the deaf, or colours to the blind:
 Since in the dark then owls are more discerning,
 How just is thy antipathy to learning!

The Test of Merit :

On the Earl of Ch——d.

"**I**S this the man so fam'd for wit?"
 Cries *Bufo*, fam'd for wanting it;
 "This little man, so thin and queer?—
 "Who'd take his lordship for a peer?
 "His eyes indeed have something sprightly,
 "But sure his person's far from fightly:
 "They praise his speeches and his jokes;
 "He looks and talks like other folks."

Thus *Bufo*, puff'd with pride and fat,
 Still vents his spleen in frothy chat:
 More vers'd in butcher's meat than books,
 Enquires how fat or lean one looks;
 And sagely, by mechanic rules,
 Deems men philosophers or fools:
 His balance rais'd, with air profound,
 He weighs your *merit*—by the *pound*.

An

An Apology to Bufo.

BUFO, it seems, aloud complains,
 He's made the subject of my strains :
 Declares, " he never gave offence ;"
 And " wonders at my insolence.
 " A word (he's sure) he never spoke,
 " That could a poet's spleen provoke ;
 " Why vents he then on me his spite,
 " Who hardly know the man by sight ?"
 Why truly, tho' thus over-weening,
 Thy words, I trow, have no great *meaning* ;
 Yet, *Bufo*, who can tamely bear
 Thy solemn strut, thy haughty air ?
 Our streets, tho' reasonably wide,
 Are scarce sufficient for thy pride :
 Affronts are not to *words* confin'd ;
 Thy *look's* an insult on mankind.

Lorenzo, or the Man of Reading.

LORENZO is, tho' much a beau,
 The greatest reader that I know :
 Reads each new pamphlet, each new play,
 And knows, of each, what people say ;
 Thence fixes, with a critic spirit,
 (At second hand) each writer's merit :
 The first to know, still more exact,
 The name and author of each tract :
 Despises those that have not bought
 The last new thing that *Churchill* wrote :
 Points out each bright, each fav'rite line,
 And vows—the whole is vastly fine !
 But yet, with all this various reading,
Lorenzo is a man of breeding,
 Tho' he had been two years at college,
 He ne'er insults you with *deep* knowledge ;

No scraps of Latin quotes, nor borrows
 A thought from *Virgil* or from *Horace* :
 No learned points he e'er unravels ;
 Ne'er mentions history or travels :
 Gives no account of ancient times,
 Or what is done in foreign climes :
 In short, his reading, you will find,
 Floats on the surface of his mind.
 Lorenzo reads, as others play ;
 He reads—for *something* still to say :
 He reads a thing, because 'tis *new*,
 Or reads—because his neighbours do.

Why then, I find, thou art, my friend,
 An *endless* reader—to no *end*.
 If these, said I, are all your views,
 Throw by your books—and read the *news* !

** The solemn Cheat.

Ego te intus—Et in cute novi. PERS.

A LAS ! Sir knight, in vain you wear
 That senatorial wig—and air :
 In vain call in Reserve's assistance,
 To keep us *little* folks at distance :
 Indeed, my friend, this will *not* do ;
 A child may pierce the cobweb thro'.

These arts may rustics keep in awe,
 And to your vassals give the law.
We know the world, and we despise
 This mummary, this poor disguise.
 You're still the same, do all you can ;
We know too well what is in man !
 No artifice that soul can hide,
 The seat of ignorance—and pride ;
 But, spite of all this vile grimace,
 We read—the Idiot in your face.

The

The Force of Fashion.

VARUS, tho' merely led by fashion,
 For worth alone pretends a passion ;
 Affects, with truly lib'ral spirit,
 To idolise a man of merit :
 Applauds the deeds, the sense, the jokes,
 Of good, of wise, of witty folks :—
 He daily at your house attends,
 And seems to rank you with his friends :
 In public too he'll still affect
 To treat you with profound respect,
 (More than Venetians do their doge)
 For what ?—because you are *in vogue*.

For, Sir, you must not think it strange
 If *Varus* should his conduct change.
 The public, fickle as a child,
 Now frowns on what so late it smil'd ;
 Still fond of change, wants something new ;
 Caressing me, neglecting you.
 See *Varus*, in his turn, affect
 To treat you with the same neglect ;
 Nay, shuns you, as a worthless rogue,
 For what ? Because you're *out of vogue*.

The fair Stoic.

“ **B**EAR and *forbear* ;” thus preach the Stoic sages ;
 And in two words include the sense of pages.
 With patience *bear* life's certain ills ; and oh !
Forbear those pleasures which must end in woe.
 With these wise maxims *Sappho* still can treat us,
 And prove her text from * *Carter's Epictetus*.
 Thus to be Stoics each fair friend she teaches,
 Whilst *Sappho* ne'er can practise what she preaches ;
 For, turn'd of fifty, we may safely swear,
Sappho will neither *bear*—nor yet *forbear*.

* *Epictetus* elegantly translated by Miss Carter.

To be written in a young Lady's Milton.

CLOE, to *Cloe's* foibles somewhat blind,
Admires the froward whims of woman-kind.—
“Strange! that our mother Eve, so void of grace,
“Should for an *apple* curse the human race.”
Her censures thus on Eve rash Cloe pours,
Whilst she herself green fruit and chalk devours.
But cease, fair maid, that fatal crime to blame,
When you, more frail, had surely done the same:
For less restraint your Maker's will had cross'd,
Nay, for a *crab*, your paradise had lost.

The Heroines, or modern Memoirs.

IN ancient times, some hundred winters past,
When British dames, for conscience-sake, were chaste,
If some frail nymph, by youthful passion sway'd,
From virtue's paths unhappily had stray'd;
When banish'd reason re-assum'd her place,
The conscious wretch bewail'd her foul disgrace;
Fled from the world, and pass'd her joyless years
In decent solitude and pious tears;
Veil'd, in some convent made her peace with Heav'n,
And almost hop'd—by prudes to be forgiv'n.

Not so of modern wh-res, th' illustrious train,
Renown'd Constantia, P-lkington, and V-ne:
Grown old in sin, and dead to am'rous joy,
No acts of penance *their* great souls employ.
Without a blush behold each nymph advance,
The luscious heroine of her own romance;
Each harlot triumphs in her loss of fame,
And boldly prints and *publishes* her shame.

The Œconomist.

LAURA, profuse as city dame *can* be,
Still piques herself on her œconomy:

She

She ne'er *will* buy a thing that's dear, she vows,
 Yet, by her bargains, pillages her spouse.
 "That set of china was the cheapest thing!—
 "'Tis fine enough to entertain the king.
 "This cambric, slyly slipp'd into her hand,
 "Was *such* a bargain—she could *not* withstand!
 "That cloth, tho' dear, cost nothing, one may say;—
 " 'Twill wear for ever—and—I know 'twill pay."—
 Then she has bought the finest goose in town;
 They ask'd three shillings—but took half-a-crown.
 "And don't you think this ham *prodigious* cheap?
 "We did not want it—but, you know, 'twill keep."
 Her friends with bargains thus poor *Laura* treats,
 Laughs at her tradesmen, whilst herself she cheats:
 But, *Laura*, stop in time; too late, I fear,
 You'll find these *bargains* cost you dev'lish dear.

The curious Impertinent.

A Man there is, to all the country known,
 Who neither lives in country nor in town:
 He's here, he's there; from place to place he flies,
 In quest of that which Heav'n to man denies.
Curio, the present joys of life forgot,
 Still fancies greater joys where *he* is not:
 Hence, ever restless, go where'er you will,
 You'll find poor *Curio* at your elbow still.
 He boasts no wit; but yet, the Lord knows why,
Curio still keeps the best of company.
 Wherever well-dress'd folks in crouds appear,
 Ask'd, or unask'd—you'll still find *Curio* there.
 At every venison, every turtle feast,
 See him, with anxious looks, a constant guest!
 Drawn by the savoury steam, no doubt?—Why no;
 He only *comes* to see how matters go.
 In shooting season, *Curio* takes his gun;
 Is there a fishing party? *He* makes one:
 Not for the sport—No; *Curio* neither went
 To shoot or fish—but just to learn th' event.

To day

To-day he comes, to shew my lord your place ;
 To-morrow does the same—t' oblige his grace :
 Thus, mov'd by wires, this arrant punchinello,
 For want of business — is a *busy* fellow !

** To Vario.

1.

VARIO ! thou art not void of sense,
 Yet, sure, such pride and insolence
 The brightest parts disgrace :
 To-day thou meet'st one, quite delighted ;
 To-morrow, truly, thou'rt short-sighted,
 And dost not know one's face.

2.

Thou hast, I own, some shining qualities,
 But then they hardly seem realities,
 Nor fit to fix a friend on :
 For, whilst thy temper is so various,
 Thy smiles and frowns are so precarious;
 Say, what can we depend on ?

3.

One hour, forsooth, thou'rt wond'rous civil,
 The next, thou look'st like any devil ;
 How shall we truly prize thee ?
 Thy frowns—we'll laugh at, or neglect ;
 Thy smiles—we'll treat with forc'd respect,
 But in our hearts — despise thee.

Town-Life and Country-Life.

T. **H**OW dull's a country life ! sage *Bufo* cries :
C. Dull as your life in town, his friend replies.
T. How *can* you bear the same things o'er and o'er ?
C. Yet what can Bath or London, pray, give more ?
T. You eat and drink, and stroll about your fields ;—
C. Such are the joys your fav'rite town-life yields :
 Yet, whilst our fields are green, our flow'rs are sweet,
 You breathe in smoke—and tread the dusty street.

T. To

T. To shift the scene we've various public places ;—
 C. Yet still you meet the same dull-busy faces.
 T. Then fresh and fresh we read the daily news ;—
 C. Content, some weekly journal I peruse.
 T. Can you the rooms, cards, company resign ?
 C. Yes ; for health, ease, good air, and wholesome wine
 T. But you've no neighbours.—C. Yes, we have a few ;
 And then—we're seldom plagu'd with folks like you.

The Man of Sense.

MIL O, you tell me, is a man of sense,
 Who thus displays his wit at your expence :
 Whilst with your claret *Milo* you regale,
 He soothes your ear with jest or humorous tale :
 Yet, stung with satyr or malignant sneer,
 You often buy your mirth extremely dear.
 He entertains your company, 'tis true ;
 But, whilst you laugh with him, we laugh at you.
Milo, whene'er you speak, looks wond'rous wise,
 Or cuts you short with insolent replies :
 If contradicted, heav'ns ! what exclamations !
 He fills the room with rude vociferations :
 With cynic snarls maintains the loud debate,
 Fierce as a cur before his master's gate.
 Wit as he is, and fraught with learned store,
 Yet *Milo* wants one happier talent more.
 None laugh sincere but those who're at their ease ;
 Then, *Milo*, learn the better art—to please :
 Fools are reveng'd when wit gives just offence,
 And true *good-nature* far outshines good sense.

H U M O R O U S.

Strephon and Blowfalind, or the Amorous Squire.

STREPHON in vain pursu'd a rural fair,
The rosy object of his tender care!
The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier swain,
Still view'd the amorous Strephon with disdain.
Provok'd, he strove by force to storm her charms;
She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her arms:
“ Oh cease, he cries, subdue that barbarous spite,
“ Tho' doom'd to love—I was not born to fight!
“ You've stol'n my heart, deprive me not of breath;
“ Those *frowns* are cruel—but that *fist* is death!”

** A reasonable Satisfaction :

Imitated from Sir T. More.

WHILST glory's cause, two long campaigns,
Thrafo in distant climes detains;
His wife had fix'd her sad retreat
Contiguous to Sir Harry's feat;
Who, in mere pity to her case,
Kindly supply'd the husband's place.
Thrafo return'd, the tale transpires;
Revenge the Captain's bosom fires.
He takes his sword, intent on blood,
And meets the knight behind a wood.
“ Scoundrel,” quoth he, “ say, on thy life,
“ Hast thou presum'd to kiss *my* wife?”

K

The

The knight, unmov'd by Thraso's rant,
 Reply'd, and grasp'd his oaken plant,
 ' Why, really, Sir, 'twixt me and you,
 ' The thing you hint at 's very true.'
 " You own it then!—oh; very well—
 " Or else, by all the dev'ls in hell,
 " But that thou hast the fact *confest*,
 " ' This trusty sword had pierc'd thy breast.'"

The Invisible :

Written at College, 1747.

WHAT mortal burns not with the love of fame?
 Some write, some fight—some eat themselves a name.
 For fame beau Frightful haunts each public place,
 And grows conspicuous for—his ugly face.
 Laura, the rural circle's constant boast,
 Sighs for the Mall, and longs to be a toast.
 The priestling, proud of doctrine not his own,
 Usurps a scarf—and longs to preach in town.
 Ev'n Whitefield's saints, whose cant has fill'd the nation,
 Toil more for fame, I trow, than reformation.

Verus, tho' blest'd with learning, sense, and wit,
 Yet *prides* himself in never shewing it:
 Safe in his cell, he shuns the staring croud,
 And inward shines, like Sol behind a cloud.
 For fame let fops to distant regions roam,
 Lo! here's the man—who never stirs from home!
 That unseen wight—whom all men wish to see;
 Illustrious grown—by mere obscurity.

** The thirsty Garreteer.

YOU often pity honest Ned,
 Condemn'd, it seems, to write for *bread*.
 His lib'ral soul, till Doddsley pays,
 Still doom'd to fast—or chew the bays.

Yet, by that jovial, ruddy look,
 Not gain'd by poring o'er his book;
 That clammy ale, his table spilt on;
 That tankard, cover'd with a Milton;
 By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
 Writes not so much for *bread*—as *beer*.

On a Quack :

Who "travels by Act of Parliament."

YE solemn tribe, who write—and take your fees,
 Adorn'd with English or with Scotch degrees :
 Who boast of licenses, and idly puff
 Your lectures, hospitals, and such vain stuff :
 Behold a man, of more intrinsic worth,
 For public good, tho' "gouty," sallies forth !
 "His UNCLE's pupil ;"—who, for thirty years,
 Has check'd the widow's and the orphan's tears ;
 "Allow'd by all a most ingenious" sage ;
 Styl'd, by himself, "*The wonder of the age* * !" }
 The great SHAPPEE !—who scorns your letter'd skill,
 Great B-ylis, L-cas, and ev'n doctor H-ll !
 Sent forth—"by act of parliament"—to kill.

Liberty in Danger—on the new Act against Swearing :

Written in 1747.

SINCE first † the Norman fix'd his standard here,
 Britons have claim'd a right—to curse and swear.
 In vain the preacher, with his milk-white hand,
 Denounc'd d-mnation on a guilty land :
 With "D-mn you Jack !" each friend his friend still greets ;
 And "Blood and thunder !" echoes thro' our streets.

* The words of his advertisement.

† The Normans are supposed to have introduced this custom.

But stronger sanctions now our pulpits arm,
 Prisons and mulcts th' abandon'd wretch alarm :
 'The fear of hell, 'twas found, could nought avail ;
 But ev'n a captain trembles at a jail :
 The loss of money, sure, tho' not of soul,
 Must strike vice dumb, and blasphemy controul ;
 Sailors themselves henceforth shall grow more civil,
 And dread * *De Veil* at least, tho' not the devil.

War proclaimed at Brentford :

Written in 1744.

BRITAIN at length her wrath declares,
 And fierce to meet the foe prepares :
Bellona mounts her iron car,
 Grac'd with the implements of war :
 Augusta sounds the dread alarm,
 And all our ports their gallies arm :
 Bristol and York have heralds sent,
 Denouncing George's dire intent ;
 Nay, Brentford now proclaims defiance ;—
 Let Bourbon tremble at th' alliance !

** An Epitaph :

Imitated from the Latin in ——— Abbey.

" Siste viator — Hoc te scire velim," &c.

STOP ! gentle traveller, stop your † *horse*,
 And view a-while this lifeless corse :
 You can't conceive how great a man
 Contracted lies within this span.

* An active Middlesex justice at that time.

† Tho' the original does not mention an horse, yet, as few foot-travellers understand Latin, the translator hopes he has preserved the spirit of the original.

Alive,

Alive, indeed, 'twas honest Jack ;
 We've often thump'd him on the back :
 He'd take his glass, without a fuss,
 And we e'en thought him one of us.
 But now, behold, when dead and gone,
 He's justly styl'd the Great Sir John !
 See ! Virtue's self her distance keep,
 And angels o'er his ashes weep !
 With trump erect, the goddess Fame
 To distant regions sounds his name.
 Thus much 'twas fit that you should read ;
 Now, gentle traveller, proceed.

** The innocent Theft :

To the Rev. Dr. —.

YOU tell us, Doctor, 'tis a sin to *steal* ;
 We to your *practice* from your *text* appeal.
 You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap ; and, pray,
 From dull companions don't you *steal* away ?

** An œconomical Reflection :

From an Hint of Scarron. 1740.

ALL mortal things are frail—and *go to pot* ;
 What wonder then that mortal trowsers rot ?
 My velvet torn, I shone in mimic shag ;
 Those soon grew rusty—and *began to flag*.
 Leather I hate ; Nankeen was something queer ;
 Camblet was airy—but how apt to tear !
 Quoth I, Sir Pricklouse, shall we try a rug ?—
 “ Yes, Sir, says he ; those sure will hold a tug.”——
 Ah no ! the rug decay'd, like all the past ;
 Ev'n † *ever-lasting* would not ever last.
 What must be done, my friend ? — “ Why, Sir, in troth,
 “ With projects tir'd—I'd stick to common cloth.”

† A stuff so called.

Against Riddles. 1740.

OF all the fops that plague mankind,
 None with th' ænigmatist can vye,
 Who vainly hopes applause to find,
 By studying obscurity.

When Nimrod's sons, to mount the skies,
 With rash intent a tow'r began,
 What stratagem did Heaven devise
 To dissipate that impious clan?

Heav'n sent no famines, plagues, or wars;
 But gave each man a puzzling riddle:
 His neighbour's dulness each abhors,—
 And leaves the building in the middle.

An Incident in High Life.

THE *Bucks* had din'd, and deep in council sat;
 Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
 Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
 And lo! “a race! a race!” in rapture cries:
 “Where?” quoth Sir John: “Why, see! two drops of rain
 “Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
 “A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest force
 “Performs its current down the slippery course!”
 The betts were fix'd; in dire suspense they wait
 For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll—like pearls from Cloe's eyes.

But ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short!—
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
 Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

To Doctor Abel — — :

In his Sickness.

ABEL! prescribe thyself; trust not another:
Some envious leech, like Cain, may slay his *brother*.

**** On the prevailing Taste for Quack-Medicines :**

To — — — —, at Bath.

WHEN Science now, with radiance bright,
Shines forth in her meridian light;
And Learning's stores their aid impart,
To dignify the *healing art* :
When Britain long has view'd with pride
Her realms with men of skill supply'd;
When Bath, Health's Magazine, can boast
Of Regulars a numerous host;
Physicians of distinguish'd fame,
Whom friendship bids me—not to name :
To whom, by long instruction train'd,
All Nature's laws have been explain'd :
For Heav'n's, and for your own sakes,
Beware, my friends, beware of quacks !

Let W--rd, let J--mes, or gentle H--ll,
Their powders boast, or drop, or pill;
Their essences of sage or honey,
To ease you of your pain—and money :
Yet what avails a pompous name,
If poisons slow dissolve your frame ?
If numbers still have victims dy'd
To the best med'cines mis-apply'd ?

Think how egregiously they fool us,
Who vaunt, the same specific Bolus,
Or fam'd Elixir, can root out
A fever, dropsy, stone, or gout !

For contradictions can't be true,
And what cures me may murder you.

Too sure I am, these boasted *nostrums*,
Like those dispens'd from country *rostrums*,
More mortal men deprive of breath,
Than * *Battle, Murder, Suddain Death*;
Or, could we but the truth examine,
Than *Plague, or Pestilence, or Famine*.

** The Force of Novelty:

1766.

BATH has been deem'd, time out of mind,
The seat of dissipation;
Where British nymphs united find
The follies of the nation.

While something new, to hear or see,
Their fancy still regales;
Plays, Concerts, Balls, or Public Tea,
Or Conjurors, or Sales:

At length Religion takes its turn;
From Kirk to Kirk they're gadding;
And oh! how fierce their raptures burn,
When set on fire by M-d-n!

Preach on, ye zealots, preach and thrive,
And triumph, whilst you may;
Should Punch, with puppet-shew, arrive,
Again your flocks would stray.

Nov. 1765.

The Virtuoso.

WHAT, to the valiant knight of Spain,
Was Donna del Toboso; —
Such is the idol of his brain
To ev'ry virtuoso.

• Three noted Physicians in Oxford. VET. SCHOL.

Don

Don Quixotte to a goddess lifted
 An home-spun country lass;
 Each grain of corn the damsel sifted
 With him for pearls could pass.

Whate'er the curious deifies,
 It thus his fancy warms,
 And gives to shells and butterflies
 Imaginary charms.

But let not those, that look more grave,
 Themselves their wisdom pride on;
 Since every man must sometimes have
 His hobby-horse to ride on.

The Prayer of an Humorist.

1.
CURIO, 'tis plain, by all these motto's,
 Romantic wight! prefers
 Wild woods, wild rocks, and shapeless grotto's,
 To gardens and parterres.

2.
 Each weed he culls of various hue;
 Wild flow'rs are his delight:
 The primrose pale, the hyacinth blue,
 And dog-rose charm his sight.

3.
 All these, around his mossy seat,
 He plants with wond'rous care;
 And thus, in times of parching heat,
 To Heav'n directs his pray'r:

4.
 "O! send us rain, ye gracious pow'rs;
 "The earth refreshment needs:
 "Not for my corn, my fruits, or flow'rs;
 "But oh!—preserve my weeds."

** The Country-House.

SICK of the noise and smoke of town,
 Old *Simon*, fat and wealthy grown,
 Resolv'd to seek some *snug retreat*,
 And build himself a country-feat.

One day, in his perambulation,
 He spies a tempting situation.
 The house perhaps you oft' have seen,
 Fast by the road on Turnham-green :
 Seven windows in the front are thrust,
 Spite of the sunshine and the dust :
 The road a chearful prospect yields ;
 The walls are blank that face the fields.

Twice ten stage-coaches, twice a day,
 Here from and to the town convey.
 Old gouty cronies of the city,
 Who, in the country, wax full witty :
 Whole summer's days they sit and smoke,
 And on poor trav'lers crack their joke.

Our cit' the stage conveys to town,
 And in the ev'ning brings him down :
 For *Simon's* heart, nor think it strange,
 Still hankers after the exchange ;
 And thrice a week he *must* peruse
 The Chronicles and London news.
 His conversation this supplies
 With murthers, rapes, and robberies,
 The price of stocks—and bankruptcies.

Thus does our friend, from day to day,
 Contrive to huddle life away ;
 And thus this country-mouse you see
 Still busy—as a summer's bee.

- “ Is this, said I, your *snug retreat*?
 “ I’d rather live in Newgate-street;
 “ Or if, forsooth! one must be chopping,
 “ I’d take a country-house—at Wapping.”

To ———, Esq;

Antiquary and F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that’s pretty, odd, and new;
 All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

The Rival Colleges :

Or, P-mbroke the humble to Chr-st-Church the ample.

Impar congressus! —

TRUCE with thy sneers! thou proud, insulting college;
 Tho’ not much known—we may be men of know-
 ledge.

Meditation in a Coffee-house :

In the Manner of Dr. Swift,

FOR P—t or B—te
 Let men dispute,
 And wrangle e’er so long!
 Whilst party-spite
 Thinks nothing right,
 Sure all are in the wrong!

On the foregoing Epigrams.

YOU imitate dean Swift, you say;
 His ease, his humour—well! you may:
 From Greek and Latin you translate;
 You alter this, allude to that:—

Hints too you borrow, up and down,—
 Yet still your dulness is your own :
 And, should each bird his plumes reclaim,
 Adieu to your poetic fame !

The Impertinence of the Critics.

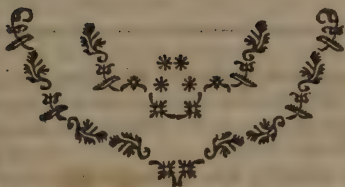
FREED from his academic gown,
 When *Rakehell* first arriv'd in town,
 Soon to *Vauxhall* the youth was led,
 Lock'd arm in arm with *Frank* and *Ned*.
 Struck with the wonders of the place,
 Amazement seiz'd his brazen face :
 The glittering lights, the gay alcoves,
 The music warbling thro' the groves :
 O'er each illumin'd walk he strays,
 Each paste-board edifice surveys ;
 Till, having view'd them o'er and o'er,
 Begins to wish for something more :
 To each fair sportive nymph he talks,
 And longs to rove in private walks ;
 But here the decent care of * *Tyers*
 Had plac'd his beadles and his wires,
 To keep men chaste ;—a sturdy tribe !
 Who scorn to take—a slender bribe.
 Young *Rakehell* now grows soundly tir'd
 Of what he just before admir'd :
 He damns the place ; and swears, in short,
 “ *These constables*—spoil all the sport !”

The youthful bard, when first he roves,
 Thus wildly, thro' Arcadian groves,
 Still longs to cull forbidden flow'rs,
 And wanton loose in rosy bow'rs :
 The path of common-sense forsakes,
 For painted meads and silver lakes :

* Proprietor of the gardens.

Excursive leaps o'er nature's bounds,
And truth with falshood still confounds.

Check'd by the critic's chaster law,
At length he learns to stand in awe ;
But yet, with sad reluctance, bends
To have his lays *review'd* by friends ;
Provok'd, that reason's rigid rules
Forbid ev'n bards—to write like fools.



BON

BON MOTS:

OLD STORIES.

*L' Epigramme —**N'est souvent qu'un Bon Mot de deux rimes orné.*

BOILEAU.

AS a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty queen Bess :
“ The Spaniard, quoth he, with inveterate spleen,
“ Has presum’d to attack you, a poor virgin-queen ;
“ But your majesty’s courage has made it appear,
“ That the don had ta’en the wrong *sew* by the ear.”

A Court - Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon’d,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport :
He soon perceiv’d his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp’d ; began to call,
“ Pray ’wake the earl of Lauderdale :
“ My lord ! why, ’tis a monstrous thing !
“ You snore so loud—you’ll ’wake the king.”

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
 Into one common garden—and each had a key.
 Quoth Kneller, “I’ll certainly stop up that door,
 “If ever I find it unlock’d any more.”
 “Your threats, replies Radcliffe, disturb not my ease;
 “And, so you don’t *paint* it, e’en do what you please.”
 “You’re smart, rejoins Kneller; but, say what you will,
 “I’ll *take* any thing *from you*—but potion or pill.”

A Clown’s Apology to the Doctor.

A S honest *Richard*, a substantial clown,
 Had brought his corn, one market-day, to town,
 He met the *doctor*, who look’d vastly big,
 And sternly frown’d beneath his awful wig.
 The clown, whose heart still ran upon his treasure,
 Thus guess’d the cause of *Syrinx*’s displeasure:
 “I ha’n’t been lately at your shop, quoth Dick;
 “But don’t be angry—for I ha’n’t been sick.”

** The Doctor’s Arms.

A Doctor, who, for want of skill,
 Did seldom cure—and sometimes kill;
 Contriv’d at length, by many a puff,
 And many a bottle fill’d with *stuff*,
 To raise his fortune, and his pride;
 And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
 His family coat, long since worn out,
 What arms to take was all the doubt.
 A friend, consulted on the case,
 Thus answer’d, with a sly grimace:
 “Take some device in your own way,
 “Neither too solemn nor too gay;
 “Three Ducks, suppose; white, grey or black;
 “And let your motto be “*Quack! Quack!*”

The empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
 And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;
 "Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries;
 'Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*,' a friend replies.

The sad Alternative.

IN heat of youth, poor Jack engag'd a wife,
 Whose tongue, he found, might prove a scourge for life;
 Perplex'd, he still put off the evil day;
 Grew sick at length—and just expiring lay:
 To which sad crisis having brought the matter,
 "To wed or die"—Jack wisely chose the latter.



MORAL;

M O R A L, &c.

To an Old Maid.

OF suff'rings past why thus complain;
 Or why, for joys you've miss'd, so cross?
 Could pleasures, pass'd, be deem'd a gain?
 Can pain, once pass'd, be deem'd a loss?

A Check for Mirth.

I.

WHEN I the busy, fruitless cares,
 The pride, the folly, hopes and fears
 Of mortal men survey;
 Like that old * *Greek*, I sometimes think,
 True wisdom is to eat and drink,
 And *laugh* the live-long day.

2.

But, when I seriously reflect
 How much depends on our neglect,
 Or careful use of time,
 Taught of my folly to repent, I
 Could almost think, when turn'd of twenty,
 To *laugh at all's* a crime.

* Democritus.

Under

** Diogenes to Aristippus.

CLOY'D with ragoûts, you scorn my simple food ;
 And think good-eating is man's only good :
 I ask no more than Temperance can give ;
 You live to eat, I only eat—to live.

Under an Hour - Glass,

In a Grotto near the Water.

1.

THIS babbling stream not uninstruative flows,
 Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main :
 Each flow'r it feeds that on its margin grows,
 And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

2.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides
 Time's current, stealing on with silent haste ;
 For lo ! each falling sand his folly chides,
 Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

** An Invitation to the feathered Race, 1763:

1.

A GAIN the balmy zephyr blows ;
 Fresh verdure decks the grove ;
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.

2.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly !
 And shun the noon-tide heat :
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply ;
 My groves a safe retreat.

3.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest :
 Here rove, and sing the live-long day ;
 At night here sweetly rest.

4. By

4.
By Phœbus lov'd, these verdant bays
Shall shade your tuneful choirs:
Here calmly sit, and chaunt your lays,
Which Phœbus' self inspires.

5.
These roses, dear to every bard,
To smiling Venus dear,
With fragrant tufts your young shall guard;
Your loves consummate here.

6.
Amidst this cool, translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

7.
No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face;
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

8.
Hither the vocal Thrush repairs;
Secure the Linnet sings;
The Gold-finch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

9.
Sad Philomel! ah! quit thy haunt
Yon distant † woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

10.
Let not the harmless Red-breast fear,
Domestic bird! to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

† Warley-woods.

11. My

11.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe !
 Shall store of fruit preserve :
 Oh ! let me thus your friendship bribe ;
 Come, feed without reserve.

12.

For you these cherries I protect ;
 To you these plums belong :
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
 But—sweeter far your song !

13.

Let then this league, betwixt us made,
 Our mutual interests guard :
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade ;
 Your *songs* be my reward !

**** On the Death of an Epicure.**

AT length, my friends, the *feast* of life is o'er ;
 I've eat sufficient—and I'll drink no more :
 My night is come ; I've spent a jovial day ;
 'Tis time to part ; but oh !—what is to pay ?

On the Death of a fine Girl of nine Years old,

To Mrs. Cr——.

JOY of her friends, her parents' only pride,
 When scarce she'd tasted life, Eliza dy'd :
 She was—but words are wanting to say what ;
 Say all that's good and pretty—she was that.

**On erecting a Monument to Shakespear,
 Under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.**

TO mark her Shakespear's worth, and Britain's love,
 Let Pope design and Burlington approve :
 Superfluous care ! When distant times shall view
 This tomb grown old—his works shall still be new.

On a pyramidical Mausoleum,

*Erected to Ralph Allen, Esq; in Claverton Church-yard.
1764.*

O'ER Allen's dust what needs this pious care
To raise yon splendid structure high in air?
How vain these efforts to adorn a name
So long recorded in the rolls of fame!
The great, the good, the friend of human-kind,
If such may hope a just return to find;
His virtuous acts, thro' distant ages spread,
Shall live, when tombs are vanish'd with their dead.
Yet hold! perhaps in emblematic stile
Some artist plann'd this pyramidic pile!—
As from its spreading base th' aspiring cone,
'Tow'rds heav'n, high-rais'd, directs the pointed stone;
Thus Allen's gen'rous deeds still glorious rise,
Wide-spread on earth—all pointing to the skies.

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